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Dance and Dancers

JULY 1960

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22 FRI (E)	Swan Lake, Act II	3 WED (M)	Bonaparte
23 SAT (M)	The Witch Boy	3 WED (E)	Graduation Ball
23 SAT (E)	Symphony for Fun	4 THUR (E)	
25 MON (E)		5 FRI (E)	Swan Lake, Act II
26 TUE (E)	Napoli	6 SAT (M)	The Witch Boy
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27 WED (M)	Variations for Four	8 MON (E)	
27 WED (E)	Prince Igor	9 TUE (E)	Concerti
28 THUR (E)		10 WED (M)	Vision of
29 FRI (E)	Swan Lake, Act II	10 WED (E)	Marguerite
30 SAT (M)	Romeo and Juliet	11 THUR (E)	London Morning
30 SAT (E)	London Morning	12 FRI (E)	Napoli
		13 SAT (M)	The Pas de Quatre
		13 SAT (E)	Variations for Four
		15 MON (E)	Prince Igor

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Once again Decca records and equipment have been chosen exclusively to provide all the recorded music for and associated with the Ballet Exhibition. This year the exhibition is to be staged by the *Daily Express* at Lewis's of Manchester from 7th—21st July. It will feature particularly the following ballets, the music to which has been outstandingly recorded by Decca.

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Personality of the Month

AS THE MILLER'S WIFE IN LE TRICORNE

LYDIA SOKOLOVA

NO, you will not be seeing her dance in public at the moment, and I know that this series usually considers personalities who are actively performing before you in some capacity or another. But Lydia Sokolova is in fact performing for you in the pages of her memoirs (*Dancing for Diaghilev*, edited by Richard Buckle, published by John Murray at 25s., and to be reviewed next month). She stopped dancing before *Dance and Dancers* was a twinkle in anybody's eye, so, apart from her own writing in our special Diaghilev number, she has never featured in these pages as much as we should like. But it should never be forgotten that she was the first English girl to become a principal dancer of the Diaghilev Russian Ballet, and this period she has most admirably brought alive in her book.

Born Hilda Munnings, a kinswoman of Sir Alfred, the stormy equine painter and one-time President of the Royal Academy, she had no theatrical background at all. But, from a very early age, she was crazy to become a dancer, spurred on, as is the case of so many dancers of her generation, by seeing Pavlova. She was taught by Mordkin and toured America with a group rather quaintly titled "Imperial Russian Ballet". Later she danced in Pavlova's company and then she went to Diaghilev in 1912 and remained faithful to him, apart from occasional periods of leave for one reason or another, until his death in 1929.

Although Pavlova liked to take English dancers into her company, Diaghilev, at the beginning, was unenthusiastic about anyone other than Russians. In many ways Sokolova paved the way for those other Britishers — Ninette de Valois, Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin — who became distinguished members of the company and who later had a profound effect on the whole rise and development of British ballet.

Sokolova has no great opinion of herself as a classical dancer, though those who saw her in classical rôles have often held an entirely different opinion — as a character and *demi-caractère* dancer her position was unique even in a Russian company which could boast of many such people. The tremendously exhausting rôle of the Chosen Virgin in Massine's version of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* was probably her most famous part, but on her Massine, and later Nijinska, created rôles that were some of the most interesting of the later period of the Diaghilev Ballet. If she has made no great contribution to the practical side of the recent development of British ballet — and I think that her great knowledge, experience and photographic memory should have been made more use of — the fact that she opened up the way for the despised and supposedly inartistic English was a great contribution indeed.

JULY 1960 11th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 11 No. 7

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

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Stick to your own kind

SOME years ago you may remember that there was a lot of brouhaha about the alleged decadence of ballet, and those that go to watch it, brought on by the sweeping condemnations of one or two people who had no direct connection with the subject. Some of these people, judging by their frequent attendance at ballet performances, and with apparent enjoyment, have now more or less eaten their proverbial hats. One of these, however, has not only not eaten his hat but has, in a recent book, shown particular aptitude for talking through it. To judge from the reviews of Tyrone Guthrie's *A Life in the Theatre* it looks as though the boys are at it again. Many writers have seized with glee on Guthrie's remarks about ballet getting "above its station". He argues that the ballet should have been "content to remain no more than adjunct to the opera". Which is more or less the same as saying that painting should have remained in subterranean caves.

He also says that ballet is "without content". Of course, what he really means is that ballet has a different kind of content from opera and drama. It would seem that Mr. Guthrie has not been seeing much ballet for some years especially when he goes on to dismiss it as "a mere sweetmeat on the theatrical menu". Had he stopped to think he might have realised that sweetmeats, properly prepared, are a necessary part of a menu or that his statement is true only of some ballets anyway.

Now these remarks would be passed over and relegated to the oblivion they deserve had they been made by the average person, but Tyrone Guthrie is a great producer and man of the theatre who, in his own sphere, commands our very greatest respect. It is always extremely sad when people who are experts on one subject (in Mr. Guthrie's case, the subject of plays) insist on dogmatising about subjects in which they are definitely not experts. It makes the writers and speakers look so stupid that in the end everyone begins to have grave doubts about their expertise in anything at all. One remark of Guthrie's goads me on to play his own game. He says that "the purpose of the theatre is to show mankind to itself and thereby show man God's image". Not very flattering to God when you consider most of the offerings in West End theatres at the moment, and I am prepared to assert that many of the ballets he so airily dismisses fulfil this "purpose" far more effectively than most plays.

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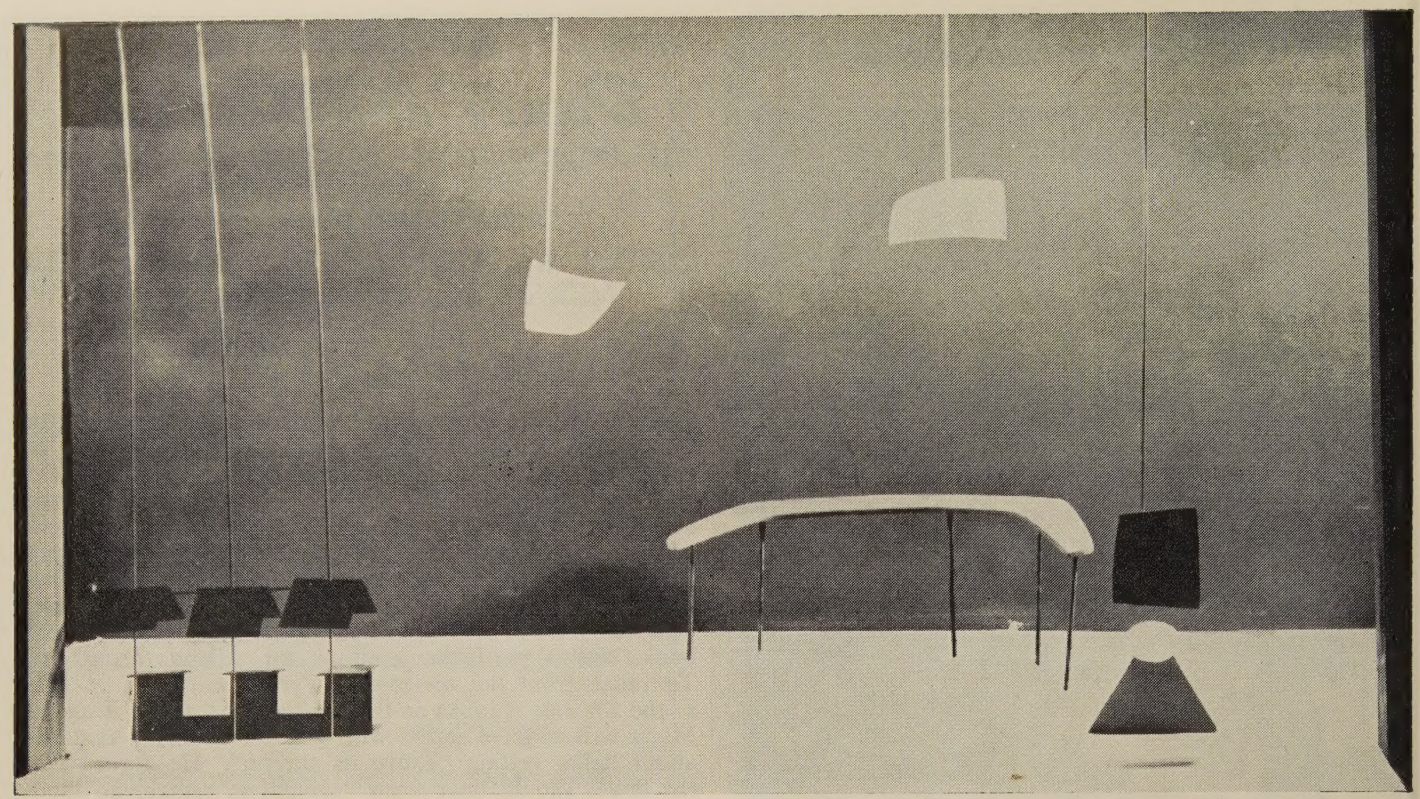


ACROBATS OF GOD : *Model by Isamu Noguchi of his setting for Martha Graham's recent and highly successful work to music by Carlos Surinach.*

Fanfare for Modern Dance

Martha Graham, the first lady of American Modern Dance, recently gave a season in New York with her company, during which she mounted two new creations.

by ARTHUR TODD

GRAHAM AS COMMENTATOR : Martha Graham in one of the moments when she acts as a kind of commentator in Acrobats of God. *Photo : Arnold Eagle.*

NEW WORKS

Acrobats of God

First given by the Martha Graham Company at 54th Street Theatre, New York, on April 27, 1960. Choreography by Martha Graham. Music by Carlos Surinach. Setting designed by Isamu Noguchi.

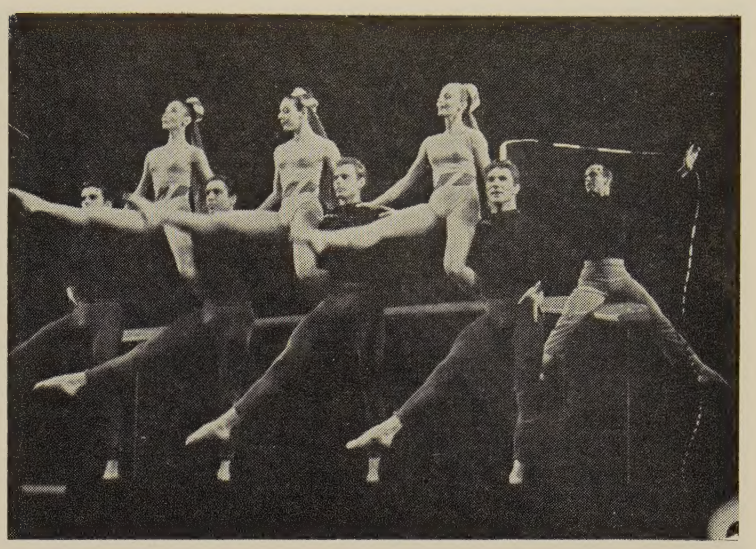
Cast

MARTHA GRAHAM
BERTRAM ROSS — HELEN McGEHEE
PAUL TAYLOR — AKIKO KANDA
GENE McDONALD — LINDA HODES
RICHARD KUCH — ETHEL WINTER
DAN WAGONER — MARY HINKSON
DAVID WOOD

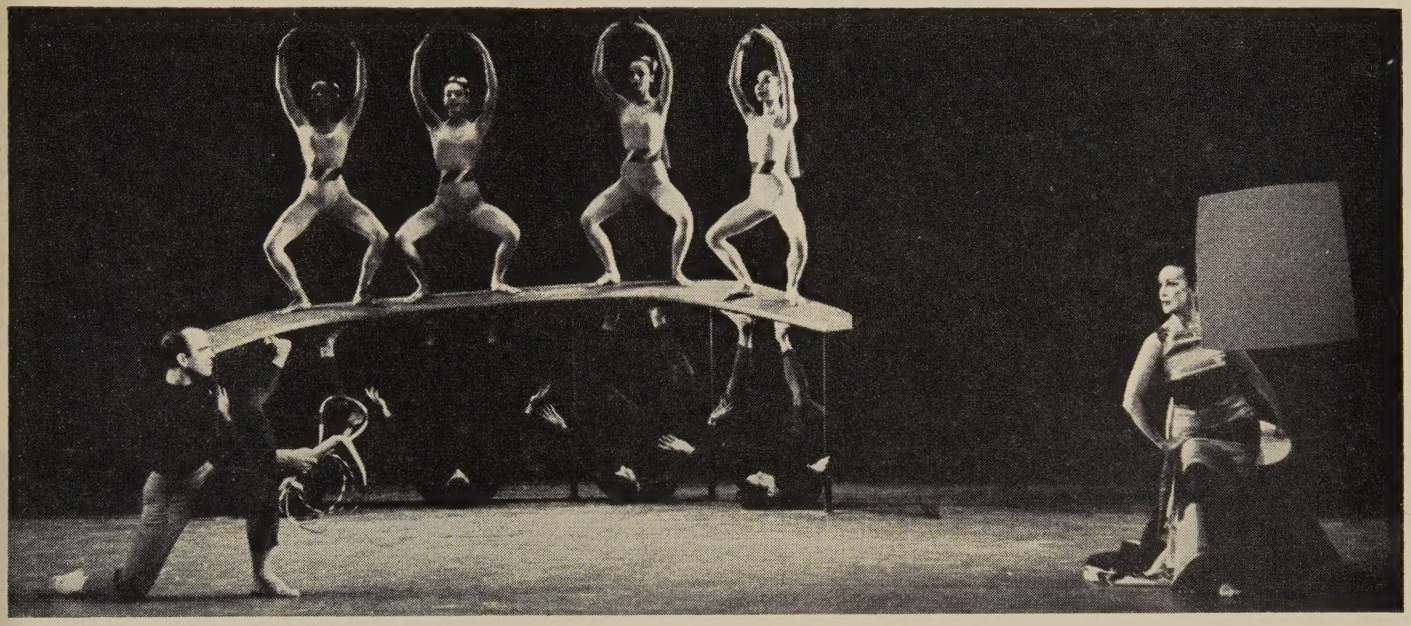
"TO their contemporary biographers, the early Church Fathers who subjected themselves to the discipline of the desert, were *athletae Dei,* the athletes of God.

"This is Martha Graham's fanfare for dance as an art . . . a celebration in honour of the trials and tribulations, the disciplines, denials, stringencies, glories and delights of a dancer's world . . . and of the world of the artist."

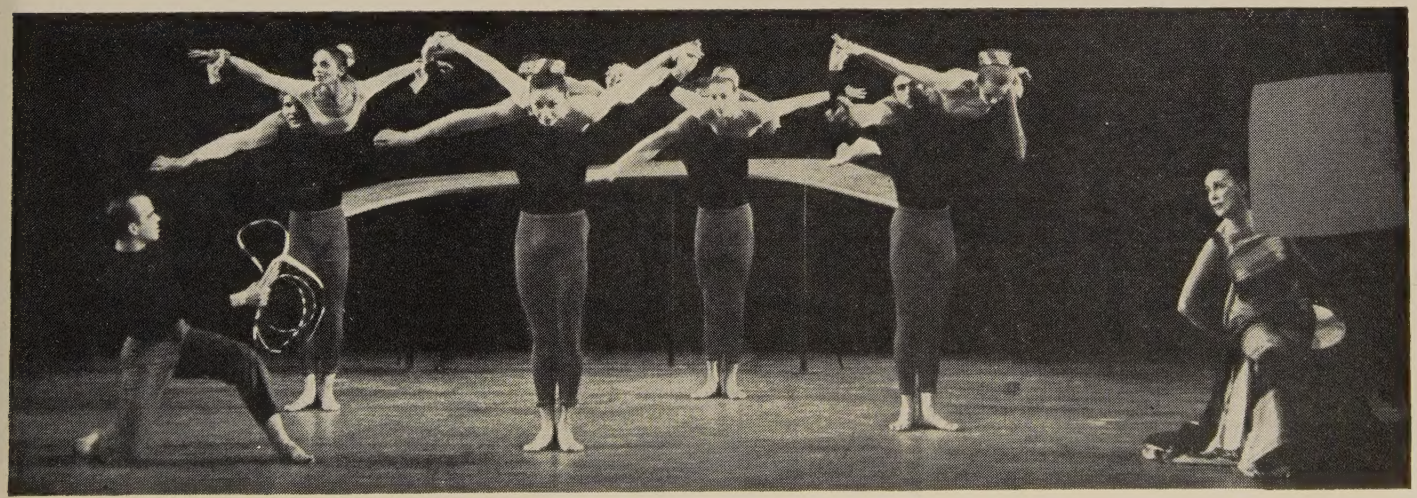
"MARTHA GRAHAM'S fanfare for dance as an art" is a glorious *tour de force* of dance techniques, virtuosity, satire and superb theatre. As the stage is set in Noguchi's wonderful plan, three mandolinists are seated at stage left as an integral part of the stage picture and Carlos Surinach's rythmically delightful score keeps them delightfully employed. A central crescent-shape platform, covered in red, also serves as a ballet barre. In this work, however, there is no moaning at the bar. Rather, Martha Graham has invented some of the most glorious combinations of virtuoso technique possible, almost as if she were daring both George Balanchine and the Bolshoi Ballet to go her one better. Aside from some magnificently pointed jabs at academic ballet

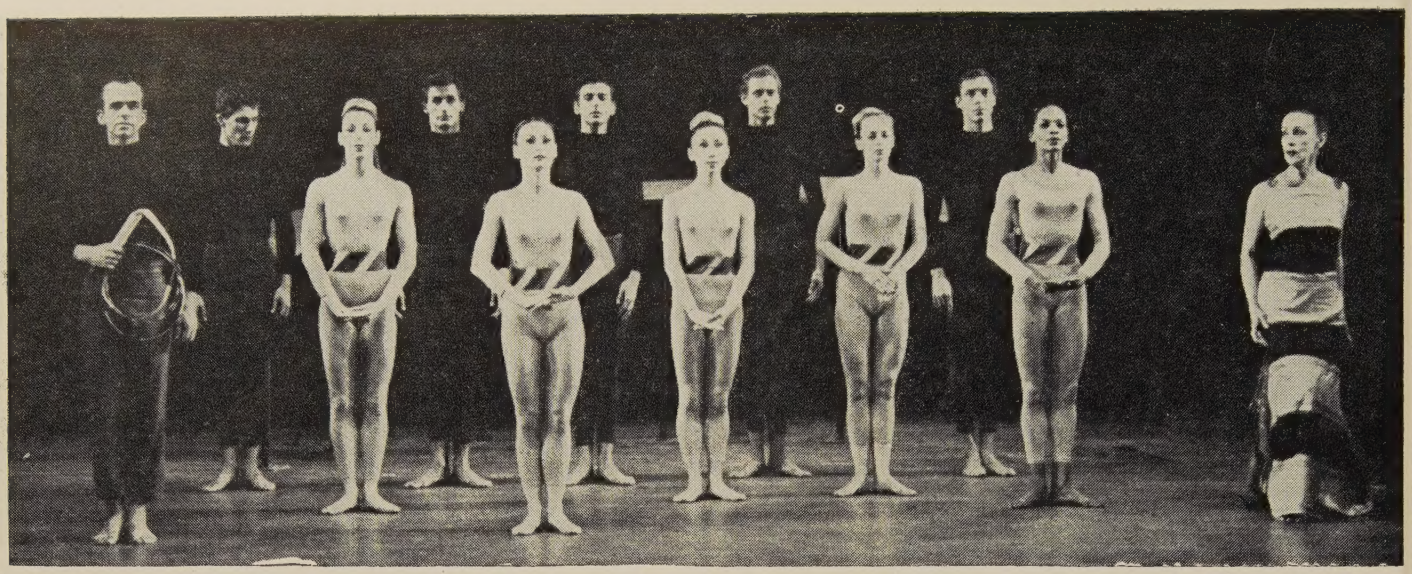


ACROBATS OF GOD : *Left, David Wood, Bertram Ross, Ethel Winter and Martha Graham (Photo : Martha Swope). Right : Ross, Akiko Kanda, Paul Taylor, Linda Hodes, Gene McDonald, Ethel Winter, Dan Wagoner and David Wood as the man with the whips (Photo : Arnold Eagle).*



ACROBATS OF GOD : *Above, the company in* pliés *above and below the* barre. *Below, the company in one of the new Graham lifts inspired by the Bolshoi ballet.* *Photos : Martha Swope.*





FULL COMPANY : The major members of Graham's present company in a curtain call after Acrobats of God. *Left to right, David Wood, Dan Wagoner, Linda Hodes, Richard Kuch, Helen McGehee, Bertram Ross, Akiko Kanda, Gene McDonald, Ethel Winter, Paul Taylor, Mary Hinkson and Martha Graham.* *Photo : Martha Swope.*

there also appear to be some darts tossed in the direction of Jerome Robbins and Agnes de Mille. Whether or not Martha Graham purposely intended these is quite another question. At any event, she has used her dancers magnificently. David Wood makes a striking figure as a ring-master cracking his whip at the dancers and at Martha Graham who, herself, darts out from time to time from behind a panel at stage right that is strategically hung to cover just her face. It's fascinating to see the way she can hold attention behind this. Away from it, and out in the stage centre, she has all the wit of Beatrice Lillie in the way she times her movements. A glorious dance work in its own right, this also provides a stunning contrast to the other more serious works.

Alcestis

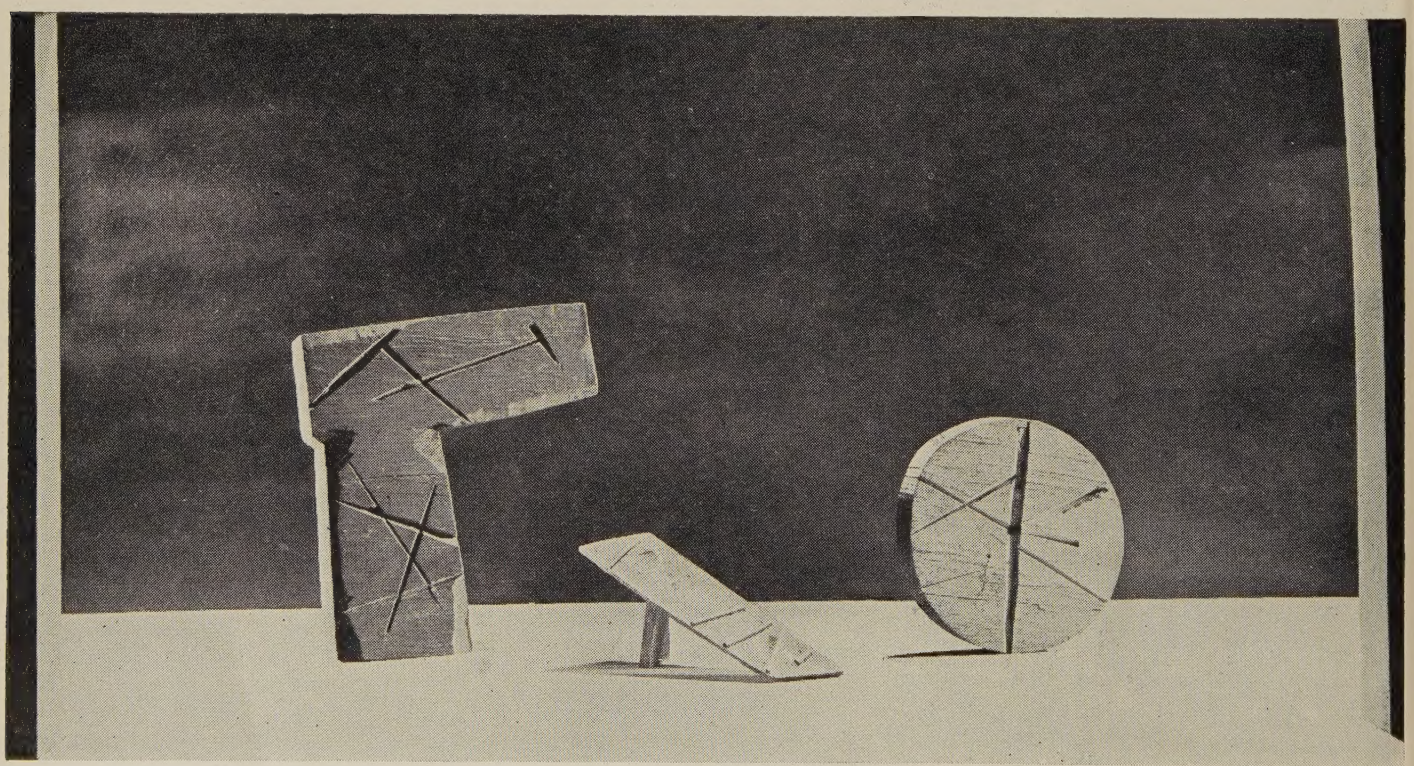
First given by the Martha Graham Company at the 54th Street Theatre, New York, on April 29, 1960. Choreography by Martha Graham. Music by Vivian Fine. Setting by Isamu Noguchi. Costumes by Martha Graham.

Cast

Alcestis ..... MARTHA GRAHAM
Admetus ..... GENE McDONALD
Thanatos ..... BERTRAM ROSS
Hercules ..... PAUL TAYLOR
Corps de Ballet of Mourners and Revellers

ALCESTIS is a rite of Spring. The story behind it tells of Admetus and Alcestis who were the king and queen of Thessaly. Admetus learned one day that the three Fates had spun all his thread of life and were about to cut it. But he got a respite : if someone could be found to die in his stead, he could live. He went to his parents, his friends, everyone he knew, pleading, but he was refused. Then Alcestis offered to die for him. During the preparations for her funeral, no one was more grief-stricken than Admetus.

ALCESTIS : *Isamu Noguchi's model for his setting for Graham's latest addition to works based on Greek tragedy.*



In the night of mourning, Hercules arrived at the Palace. The standard of hospitality were high in those ancient days and Hercules was royally received and entertained, the news kept from him of the Queen's death. Alcestis was taken to her grave as Hercules ate and drank in his heroic way; when he was reeling drunk, he heard from a servant what had happened. Ashamed, penitent, to make amends he went to rescue Alcestis, to fight Thanatos, Death himself, and bring her back — and this he did.

In Martha Graham's dramatisation, the myth becomes a festival of the seasons — the death of Winter, the triumphant return of Spring.

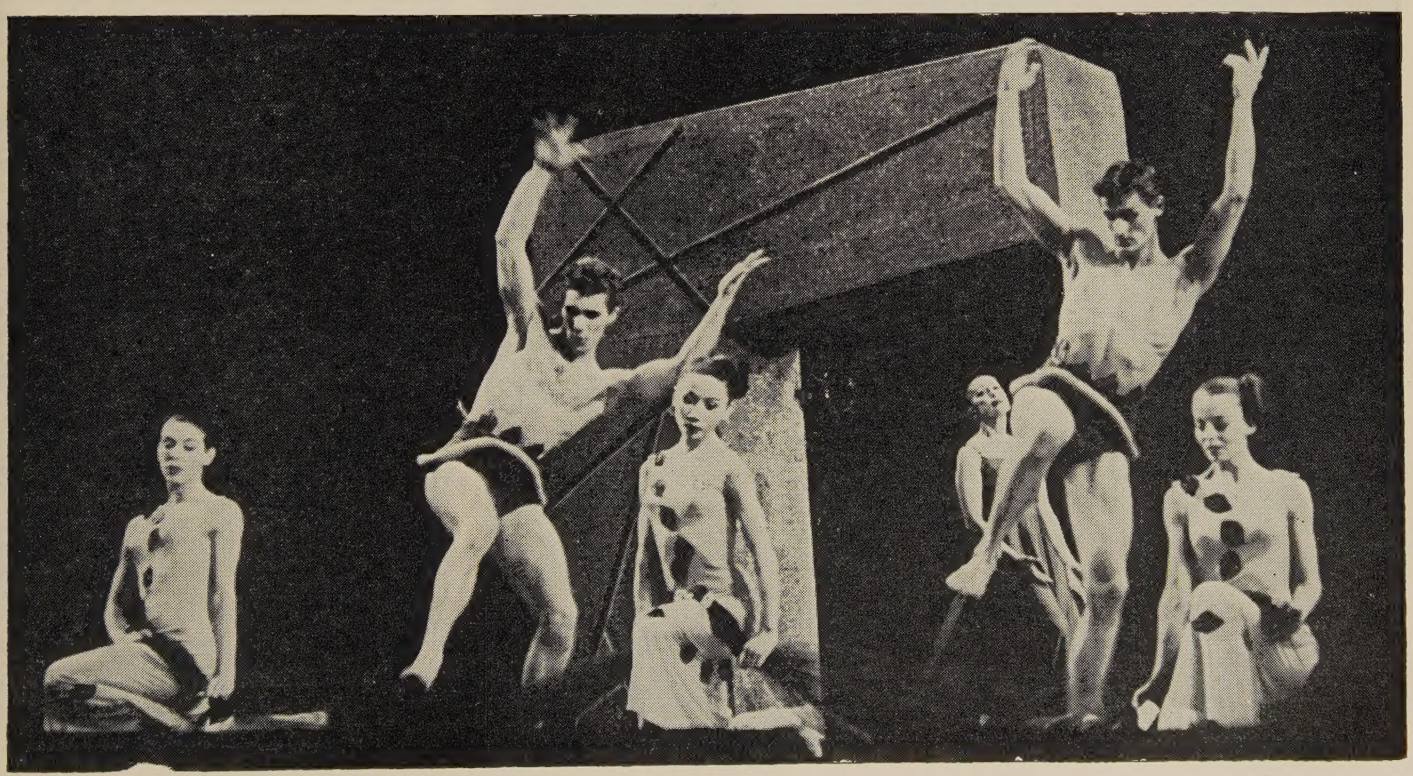
THIS newest addition to Martha Graham's library of dances influenced by Greek legends didn't appear to me to be one of her greatest works at first seeing. This, however, is a minority view, for it was extravagantly hailed by New York City's major critics. By now, I feel that Martha Graham may have gone to Greece at least once *too* often (choreographically speaking, that is) and I wish that she would choose other fields to explore.

As a dance work I feel that this does not measure up to either *Night Journey* or *The Cave of the Heart* and, after *Clytemnestra,* it comes rather as an anti-climax. As in any Graham work, there is much to admire. Though the action in relation to the programme notes was not clear to me at first seeing, I found much of the movement for Gene McDonald, Bertram Ross and Paul Taylor almost intuitively inventive. On the other hand, it appeared to me that the rôle of Alcestis was not fully enough developed. Perhaps this is because the choreographer has thus far poured most of her power into creating the major male rôles. Accordingly, the inner motivations did not seem to be completely realised.

Vivian Fine's score struck me as murky and turgid. Isamu Noguchi's set was another notable one although I must confess that

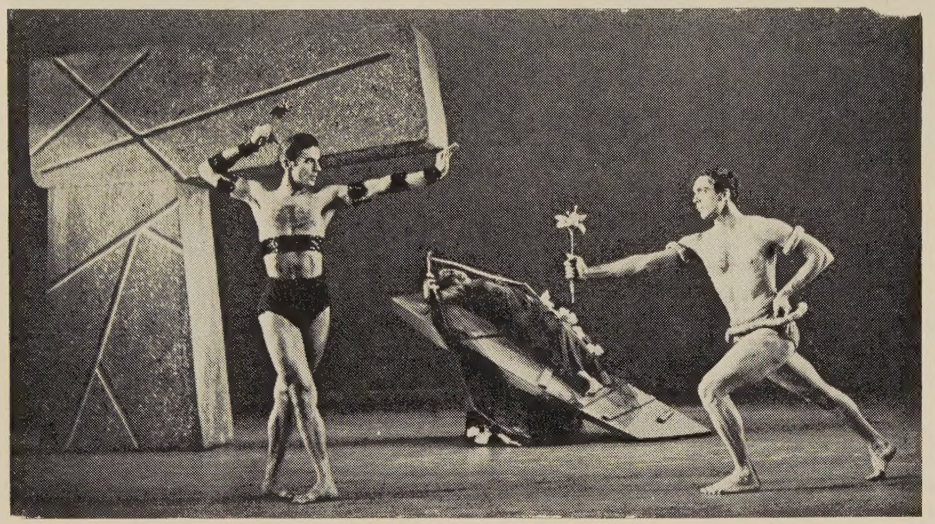
ALCESTIS: Above, Graham as Alcestis in a tragic moment with death, Thanatos, played by Bertram Ross. *Photo: Martha Swope.*

Below, Linda Hodes, Dan Wagoner, Akiko Kanda, Martha Graham, Richard Kuch and Ethel Winter mourning the forthcoming death of Alcestis. *Photo: Arnold Eagle.*



by now I'm a little tired of set pieces that are both mobile and turnabout no matter how well they are used. Since Martha Graham is star, artistic director and choreographer-in-chief of her own magnificent company I suppose it may be expecting the impossible to ask her to design superb costumes, too, for each work. I must say that those for *Alcestis* were a profound disappointment. The mauvish-pink dresses for the girls in the *corps* were spoiled by ill-placed large black dots. Bertram Ross had the most unfortunate costume of all — a series of body stripes and trunks with black sequins sewn on dark brown fabric. To make matters worse, this divided his body into three sections, as it were, because two separate pieces were worn around his chest and abdomen and repeated on his arms, making it extremely difficult to get a clear view of his body in movement. Some of the other men had the added misfortune of wearing costumes with extended gold tyre-like decorations around their middles that remind me of pictures of Ted Shawn in the rubber tube-like device that he wore around his waist in *Gnossienne,* a solo he composed in 1919.

For the time being, *Alcestis* seems to be lesser Graham to me, but even a minor work by her takes on major overtones. Since Martha Graham has a miraculous way of making critics eat their own words, I shall continue to view *Alcestis* with interest and respect and the wish that its costumes were more classically simple.



ALCESTIS: *Two moments in the fight with Hercules (Paul Taylor) and Thanatos (Bertram Ross, in black costume) for the life of Alcestis (Martha Graham).*

Photos: Martha Swope.

THE COMPANY

AFTER American Ballet Theatre's faltering first week at the Met., Martha Graham's Company swept into New York like a cloud of dancing gods and goddesses from Mount Olympus. *Clytemnestra* proved to be a staggering and overwhelming work once more on opening night and *Seraphic Dialogue,* the re-telling of the Joan of Arc story, was the summit experience for me during the first week of the season. The Graham Company is superb, better than ever before in its history, and already two specific dancers, Linda Hodes and Gene McDonald, have established major reputations for their rich contributions.

Before going any further, it is only fair and proper to list the major dancers in the company for the record: Bertram Ross, Paul Taylor, Helen McGehee, Ethel Winter, Mary Hinkson, Linda Hodes, Yuriko, Matt Turney, Gene McDonald, David Wood (who was also Rehearsal Director), Richard Kuch, Dan Wagoner and Akiko Kanda. They were nothing short of magnificent. Also coming up in the company are Bette Shaler, Carol Payne, Ellen Graff, Marnie Thomas, Lois Schlossberg, Nancy Stevens and Robert Powell. I do wish, however, that James Gardner, who was also programmed for "technical assistance and supervision of décor", could have been kept behind the scenes, because he seems unable as yet to maintain an image or mood on stage.

Robert Irving, who is now Musical Director for the New York City Ballet (it will be remembered that he also conducted last year's Balanchine-Graham *Episodes)* and who was previously conductor for ten years for the Royal Ballet, was a sympathetic and superb conductor for this season, never giving in, as it were, to the dancers and keeping his musicians in proper rein. As a result, Irving was hailed with as much applause after each work and at the conclusion of the performance as has become the standard custom at New York City Center when he conducts for the ballet.

THE SEASON

MARTHA GRAHAM, as a dancer, an innovator, a choreographer and performer, remains the peer of American dancers of her time. As those who have seen her know, even her moments of stillness and silence on-stage are pregnant with dramatic power and theatrical magnificence. This season, too, more than ever before in her distinguished history, she has a company of dancers that, in a true sense of what we hope and expect of dancers, is peerless in the world today. Bertram Ross is now one of the outstanding dramatic dancers of his time. Paul Taylor's technical velocity is almost overwhelming and, when he really gets going, he's like a dynamo in action. On the other hand, young Gene McDonald has a lithe leanness and romantic quality that are irreplacable. Richard Kuch and Dan Wagoner look and dance like young Greek gods. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any company in the world with a finer group of male dancers.

The girls in the company are equally splendid. Lyric Helen McGehee, lovely Ethel Winter and Mary Hinkson, stately Matt Turney and exotic Yuriko, would be treasures in any company. Even more exciting this season, at least to me, was the sky-

rocketing effect of Linda Hodes. Here, certainly, is one dancer that has the outer technique and the inner passion of a young Graham and, suddenly, one realises how gloriously she will fit into many of the major rôles whenever Graham chooses to transfer or pass them on. Linda Hodes as Joan in *Seraphic Dialogue* gave one of the most inspired and glorious performances of this company's season.

After re-seeing *Alcestis,* I maintain my original opinion as far as the choreography, set and costumes are concerned. On the other hand, I found *Acrobats of God* an even more admirable work than on first sight. And, aside from the monumental *Clytemnestra,* which seems to grow richer with each performance, I must confess that my favourites in this season's repertory were the more lyric, non-Greek-inspired works. Chief among these, of course, was *Seraphic Dialogue,* but then, too, there were *Diversion of Angels* and *Embattled Garden.* Missing, at least for me, were *Appalachian Spring, Ardent Song* and *Deaths and Entrances.*

One very interesting aspect of the Graham season was to note a definite balletic influence on the style of the members of the company. Perhaps this may stem from the fact that all or many of them are studying ballet with Henry Danton, formerly a soloist with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, who now gives classes at Martha Graham's School of Contemporary Dance. At any event, many, especially the girls, have a suavity and disciplined elegance that is most exciting to see. This was particularly noticeable in *Acrobats of God,* which, if Antony Tudor hadn't already used an equally suitable title earlier this season, might have been called *A Choreographer Comments.* Martha Graham might even well have named it *A Dancer's World* after her now famous film on classroom techniques. Well, *Acrobats of God* it is and it was illuminating to see the way this choreographer, as does George Balanchine and Frederick Ashton, created each rôle for the specific talents of each dancer. In essence, perhaps, that is probably one reason that the entire season was a triumph from a dancing point of view.

TWO MORE "GREEK" MASTERPIECES FROM GRAHAM: Above, Clytemnestra, *which was Graham's first full-length work. Below, Graham with Bertram Ross in the famous* Night Journey.

Romantic Ballerinas in Dublin

4. MARIE TAGLIONI *(part 2)*

Introduced by IVOR GUEST

TAGLIONI'S FAREWELL: A drawing by Kenny Meadows from the Illustrated London News *of August 9, 1845.*

DESPITE the rivalry of such younger stars as Elssler, Grisi and Cerrito, Marie Taglioni maintained her supremacy right up to her retirement in 1847. She was a legend even when she was still dancing. She had first visited Dublin in 1833, at the age of twenty-nine — within two years of creating *La Sylphide* — and when she next returned in 1845, her powers and her artistry were still quite undimmed. She came from London, fresh from one of her greatest triumphs when she had outshone the three most brilliant ballerinas of a younger generation — Fanny Cerrito, Carlotta Grisi, the first Giselle, and Lucile Grahn — in the famous *Pas de Quatre.*

Her first appearance took place on August 16 when she danced in *La Sylphide* with James Silvain as James Rubens (James Reuben in the original version) and Joséphine Pétit-Stephan as Jessie (originally Effie). The Theatre Royal was packed with what the *Freeman's Journal* described as a "crowded, yet élite audience, which it delights the eye to see", for Mr. Calcraft had announced that it was Taglioni's intention to retire from the stage at the end of this season and that she would never again visit the British Isles.

Describing the performance, the critic of the *Freeman's Journal* wrote: "Her appearance on the rising of the curtain in the well-known and often-depicted grouping, where leaning on her arm in a half-recumbent position, she gazes with looks of unutterable love on the face of the sleeping youth, was the signal for an outburst of applause, such as is seldom witnessed; it was kept up for full two minutes, breaking forth with renewed vigour at every graceful bend of her charming form. The rapturous applause thus commenced, continued throughout the piece, but especially in the 'Pas de Deux' of the Second Act, one movement of which was encored, and at the fall of the curtain she was called for, and with becoming humility brought out the minor luminaries to share in the enthusiastic manifestations and bouquets which hailed her reappearance. On so familiar a subject as the ballet of *La Sylphide,* with Taglioni as the Sylph, it is useless, as well as difficult, to dilate. The performance was, it is needless to say, perfection. The few years which have passed over since we last had the pleasure of having Taglioni amongst us have added roundness to her form which, to our taste was heretofore somewhat angular, and have by no means impaired the wonderful beauty, dignity, power and grace of her movements, which have rendered her the acknowledged queen of the dance."

ON the 19th, there was a change of programme, *La Sylphide* being replaced by a short *divertissement* called *Diane,* in which Taglioni inserted Cerrito's famous Shadow Dance from *Ondine.* In the same performance she also danced her Spanish *pas de caractère, La Gitana.* The following day readers of the *Freeman's Journal* could read the following account of the performance:

"Madame Taglioni appeared last evening in a new *divertissement* entitled *Diane.* Those who imagined they were to see a mythological ballet, and had their minds fraught with the story of the loves of the chaste goddess with Endymion, must have experienced some disappointment. The entertainment was simply a *divertissement,* not a ballet, having no continuous story. To the majority, however, who look to no story but pleasing dances, there could not be any feeling but delight. The curtain rose on a woodland scene by moonlight, the goddess lying asleep on a bank and surrounded by her nymphs. After some movements of the Coryphées, Taglioni advanced, and by a beautiful device of the machinist, the effect of bright moonlight was produced, and her shadow thrown out in full relief on the stage. She is supposed for the first time to see it; she pauses, gazes on it, attempts to catch it, pursues it as it flies, and thus dances the celebrated *Pas de l'Ombre,* originally produced in *Ondine,* by Cerrito. In another scene Stephan and Silvain, as a shepherdess and shepherd, dance a *pas de deux,* and, in conclusion, Taglioni, with bow and quiver, dances a magnificent *pas seul,* in the course of which she forms *tableaux,* embodying the most celebrated statues of the goddess. Were Diana the huntress herself, such as the poets describe her, on the stage, she could not develop more decent grace, majestic power or bounding lightness than did her representative in the mimic scene. In the entertainment which concluded the night's performances Madame Stephan and Silvain danced the *Pas Styrien* with effect, and so much to the delight of the audience it was called for a second time. But the great attraction of the night was *La Gitana.* This is the only single performance which gives full scope to Taglioni's powers; in it grandeur is combined with grace, elegance with power, airy agility with easy majesty. All the character dances ever invented sink into nothing when compared with this noble composition danced as it was last night. The house rung with enthusiastic plaudits, and would not be satisfied till the potent enchantress again moved queen-like through its glorious mazes."

The public filled the Theatre Royal almost to suffocation whenever she appeared. She danced in Auber's opera ballet *La Bayadère,* and performed also a Ballroom Polka. The generous reception of the Dubliners touched her deeply, and it was on her departure after this short season that she wrote in somebody's album a brief expression of regret at leaving beautiful Ireland.

* * *

DESPITE Mr. Calcraft's announcement that no other opportunity could be afforded of seeing "the First Danseuse the world has ever produced", she was coaxed back to Dublin in October 1846, less than a year before her retirement, and was seen in two ballets. The first of these, *La Gitana,* had originally been produced for her by her father in St. Petersburg in 1838, but had not been seen in Dublin before she appeared in it on October 8, 1846. It must have been a magical performance, to judge from the account in the *Freeman's Journal* of the next day.

"The ballet of *The Gitana,*" it read, "which was produced last night for the first time here, to introduce Madame Taglioni, is, to our taste, one of the most interesting and least commonplace of all the performances so designated. Towards the middle of the overture the first part of the well-known air is introduced, and, the curtain rising, discloses a *tableau vivant* in which the daughter of the *Duke de Gomez* is seen dancing, accompanied by her old tutor on his guitar, with two gypsies standing by; a second tableau displays the gypsies running away with the child, and in a third her tutor appears before the Duke and his wife with some of the jewels and a portrait belonging to the child, and tells them of their bereavement; the curtain then drops, and the overture concludes. An interval of ten years is supposed to elapse between the abduction of the child and the first scene of the ballet, which represents (or should represent) a Russian fair, to which the gypsies, relying on the attraction of the far-famed *Gitana,* resort for purposes of gain. They are not disappointed in their expectations. The *Gitana* wins golden opinions on all sides, especially from the *Duke* and *Duchess,* who happen to be there, and *Don Lopez,* a young man in authority in the place. She tells the fortunes of these parties and wins the heart of *Don Lopez.* In the second act the gypsies are found in their

mountain haunt enjoying themselves. The *Gitana 'reveuse'* on *Don Lopez*. The young *Don*, it would appear, has not forgotten her, but has followed her, and becomes a gypsy for her sake. The *Duke* and *Duchess*, in search of their lost daughter, come to the spot, and at first are seized and robbed, but, on the remonstrance of the *Gitana*, part of the property, including the portrait which belonged to the lost daughter, is restored, which, when she sees, she recognises, and is thereby restored to her parents. It is to be regretted that the concluding scene, which embraced, when we saw Taglioni in it before, one of the most exquisite pieces of pantomime imaginable, was curtailed somewhat of its fair proportions.

"It is hard to say whether it is now Taglioni has reached, or it was ten years ago that she had arrived at, the zenith of her glory ; certainly at no time did we ever see her more perfect in the art, which, we may say, she herself has created, than she showed herself last night. Her youthful vigour has in no degree departed, and the essential poetry of her conceptions remains always the same. To see her in such scenes as that in which she first watches the the approach of her lover, and then guards him from the gypsies — the startled fawn, the high-bred Arab do not display more unconscious grace, or instinctive elegance, whilst the most glorious conceptions of Phidias never realized the magnificent beauty of the *' poses '* in the finale. Whilst much of this perfection is due to her *' physique '*, the great shortness of her waist, the lightness of the upper part of her frame, and her wonderful strength of limb, giving her unlimited command over every motion — her varying and expressive countenance, and large liquid eyes being powerful auxiliaries ; yet these would be useless, were there not the mind and the genius to inform and inspire all. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the audience. Mademoiselle O'Bryan was substituted in place of Madame Giubilei. Silvain danced as well as usual — but indeed much regard was not paid to anyone save Terpsichore herself. The house — although one that would be ordinarily styled full and fashionable — was not so crowded as it ought to be. We imagine it was not generally known, at least in the country, that Madame Taglioni was to appear ; we think that Saturday night will tell a different story."

IN LA SYLPHIDE : *A watercolour of Taglioni, while she was in Ireland, painted by Louisa Marchioness of Waterford.*
Collection : E. Kersley.

FAREWELL TO IRELAND : A page from a Victorian autograph album written by Marie Taglioni after her visit to Dublin in 1845 — " I leave beautiful Ireland with regret."
Collection : Walter E. Owen.

A FEW nights later, on the 14th, she appeared in another ballet, *Miranda, or the Daughter of the Earth*. This was not the same ballet as the *Miranda* which her father had produced for her in St. Petersburg in 1838, but a version of *Alma*, created originally for Cerrito in 1842, as the critic of the *Freeman's Journal* pointed out. It was to be his last sight of the great dancer in action, and this is his description of the performance :

"We do not know whether Perrot has borrowed from Monsieur Taglioni, or whether the author of the *Sylphide* seized on the ideas of the accomplished dancer ; certain it is that there is a wonderful similarity between *Miranda*, the new ballet produced last night, and *L'Alma*, Cerrito's great triumph. It is not necessary to detail the plot of the ballet further than to say that *Miranda*, or the daughter of the earth, is raised up a perfect being in the infernal regions by *Asmodeus*, and sent on earth to play the devil with mankind, conditioned that she is not to fall in love on pain of descending to the infernal regions again ; but, in spite of all, she meets a certain Sultan's son, with whom she incontinently falls in love, and ultimately marries, despite of all threats. It is somehow or other managed that she does not undergo the penalty ; on the contrary, when we last see her, she is most lovingly grouped with her spouse. Nothing that we ever saw in dancing — not even excepting Elssler's delicious scene in the *Delire d'un Peintre* — came up to Madame Taglioni's *Scena Dansant* — *The Five Senses* — last night. It was the perfect expression of the sentiments and the passions by graceful gesture — that expression conveyed as fully and more pleasingly to the mind than it could be by poetry of the highest order, because more vivid — than by painting or sculpture, because more varied. Just created, she gently, cautiously, puts forth her limbs, throws her wondering, startled eyes around; one by one each of her senses feel their existence, and the manifestations of each give occasion to a fresh display of poetry and grace. In the last act in a dance of a different description, she developed to an astonishing extent wonderful force, agility, and lightness, thus going round the whole circle of her powers. The audience, owing to the ball at the Chief Secretary's, was not as crowded as on the last two evenings, but the enthusiasm was more unbounded. We more than ever felt there never can be found in any person so perfect a reunion of all the qualities necessary for the accomplished artist and dancer. She has force — elegance — lightness — grace — poetry ; she wants nothing ; and, above all, there is a propriety and purity in her motions which, of all the best dancers, she and Elssler alone possess. To those who are unaccustomed to opera dancing, and who for the first time see the light drapery which Madame Taglioni at present wears, and witness the freedom of her movements, this praise will seem misplaced ; but those who look on her performances with a practised eye will at once recognise the decency and honesty of her every motion."

With this tribute we must close these records of gala evenings of ballet in Dublin, for Taglioni's retirement brought a Golden Age to its end.

BRAVE SONG : *A scene from Robert Moulton's recent work for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet in which the young Indian maiden (Sonia Taverner) is greeted, then carried aloft in preparation for her wedding. The Indian Chief is played by Ted Patterson.*

The first British 'Royal' Company

by MIRO ZOLAN

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet was the first British ballet company to be granted a Royal charter. Miro Zolan—formerly a soloist with Ballet Rambert, International Ballet and the Royal Ballet Touring company—went to Canada last year as Ballet Master to the Winnipeg company for six months. Here are his impressions of what he found there.

AT the end of August 1959 I arrived in Winnipeg to take a six months' engagement as ballet master and choreographer with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. My thoughts turned constantly towards the company. What standards had they so far achieved? What were their artistic merits? I was soon to be pleasantly surprised.

Closing my eyes to the beautiful skies and box-like buildings of Winnipeg I entered the company's studio for the first time and found there the essentials of a dancer's work — space, barre, resin and pianist — and so it began.

The company has 17 dancers (6 boys, 11 girls), and when needed students were used from the Ballet School. Very soon I saw the sincere devotion of all members to their dancing profession. Our daily classes began at 9.30 a.m., and I recall how much pleasure I found in the task of shaping and teaching these young and eager people. They were delightful, and those who enjoyed chewing gum during work managed to do without during my stay! So we studied, together with our director, Arnold Spohr, five weeks in preparation for a tour of Western Canada.

BRAVE SONG : *Jim Clouser, as the Buffalo God, in the Ceremonial Sun Dance. The Indians, crazy with the drawing of blood, dance wildly to appease the God who finally turns into a White Eagle answering their prayers.* *Photo : Campbell and Chipman.*

We set off by coach on October 1, through glorious Canada — trees, lakes, great distances of sheer beauty. It was such a pleasure to see all this, though hardships awaited us with ill-equipped theatres and the stages in the schools where we also danced hardly helped to show the art of ballet to its best advantage. Only in Edmonton and Calgary where we performed did we find the joy of theatres that were built and equipped to the full satisfaction of every company which has the chance to appear there.

The tour brought us also into the small towns of Canada, and often it was hard for us to perform. Nevertheless, the kindness of the public was overwhelming. It was a noble task of Royal Winnipeg Ballet to bring dancing to these places, where the visit was a great event. Yet I believe that there would be an even faster growing interest and following if there were better facilities and conditions. However, with the first snow around us and the humour of the company, the artists gave their finest performances. The difficulties, lack of sleep and the race from place to place, left no mark, and we returned to Winnipeg in the best of spirits. More rehearsals to prepare a gala evening on November 7 for the members of Canada Council—Canada's equivalent to the Arts Council—and an invited audience. The ballets included were : *E Minor, The Darkling, Black Swan pas de deux* and *The Comedians.* This evening was highly appreciated and successful.

Soon after another ballet season was given at the Winnipeg Playhouse. November 23 brought the first showing in Winnipeg of a new ballet, *Les Whoops-de-Doo* (choreography, Brian Macdonald ; music, Don Gillis ; décor, Ted Korol). The programme note says : "A whoop-up dedicated to the misalliance of classical ballet and the Western myth."

Other ballets given at this season were: *E Minor Concerto, Swan Lake* Excerpts, *Romance, The Darkling, Sleeping Beauty* Excerpts, *Ballet Premier, Roundelay.*

After Christmas came the première of a new ballet, *Brave Song.* This is a stylised character ballet, a primitive hymn to nature and to the pride, terrors and mysticism of the forgotten race that sang that hymn. This ballet perhaps did not appear entirely to the public's taste, but it was well danced and most interesting. The costumes were beautifully executed and deserved special praise. The work had choreography by Robert Moulton; music on authentic Indian tunes arranged and orchestrated by James Aliferis; costumes by Robert Moulton; and settings by Peter Kaczmarek.

Other ballets given were *Finishing School* by Gwyneth Lloyd (music by Johann Strauss; costumes by Dorothy Phillips; settings by John A. Russell), and a new "Christmas *divertissement*" consisting of various classical variations and *pas de deux.* Also special demonstrations were given for the Children's Theatre.

So the company broke for ten days' holiday and reassembled once more for classes and rehearsals. Winter was in full swing and the city deep in snow, and although it was often 20 degrees or more below zero outside, we were warm and absorbed at work in our studio.

During the next ten weeks, with occasional appearances on television, I missed the "live" theatre performances, as only with those can one really judge the development and progress. Arnold Spohr, our director, took various members of the company to give school demonstrations, whilst I worked on with others. Towards the end of my six months with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, I felt with honest delight the considerable progress the dancers had made. I hope I have helped in some small way these hard-working, affectionate people.

The three principal ballerinas, Marilyn Young Marina Katronis and Sonia Taverner, have great abilities to lead the company. Marilyn Young gives beauty to every rôle she dances. She possesses a rich classical technique and presents her dancing with a sheer professional attitude. A very fine actress and popular with Canadian audiences, her dramatic rôle in *The Darkling* is most convincing. Another talented artist is Marina Katronis, who always gives her dancing of any style a true quality. Her fine performances in *Comedians* gave me pleasure to watch. Sonia Taverner stays in my memory as the most diligent dancer of Royal Winnipeg Ballet. For her, no technical problem on points would be a problem. Her precision and speed were a joy to watch.

David Shields, formerly from the Royal Ballet of London, is taking very well the opportunities presented to him in Winnipeg. His present repertoire covers a great range of ballets that he performs with much success. Also his partnering has all the qualities that one expects from a leading dancer. He is indeed an asset to this company. In Richard Rutherford they have another most talented leading dancer. Gifted with a lovely line and good jump, he approaches his work always with intelligence. The third principal dancer is Jim Clouser. His good clean-cut looks contribute to all he does. With his wide musical knowledge he is a sensitive and valuable dancer to the company.

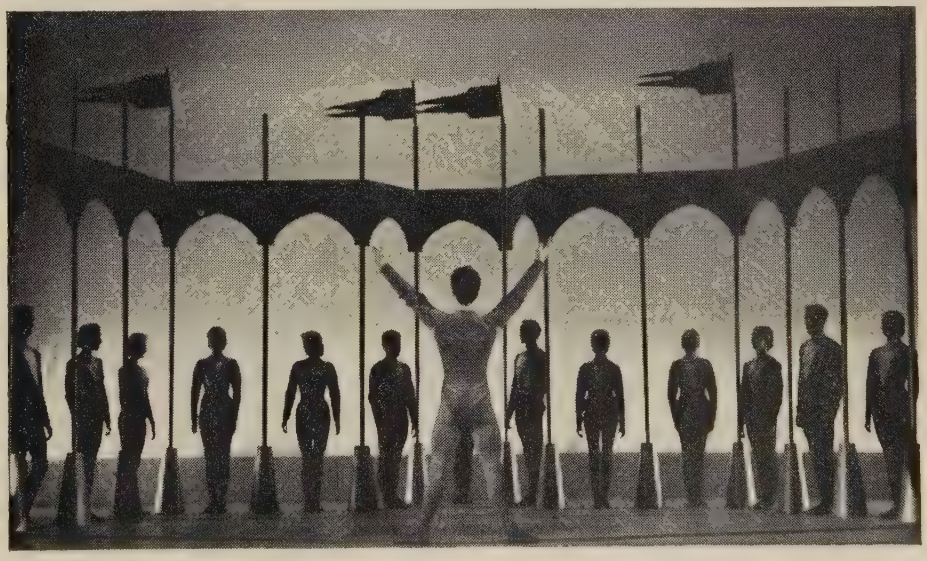
The Royal Winnipeg Ballet also has many

Continued on page 34

LES WHOOPS-DE-DOO: *Robert Lee Jones jumping in Brian Macdonald's ballet to Don Gillis music.*

THE DARKLING *(above): Members of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet in another work by Brian Macdonald, this time to Benjamin Britten music.*

VARIATIONS FOR A LONELY THEME *(below): David Shields and* corps de ballet *in Michel Conte's ballet to Brahms music.* *Photos: Campbell and Chipman.*



SINFONIA SEVILLANA: *Members of the corps de ballet in the abstract work to Turina music which opens Luisillo's present programme.*

Return of the Mexican

Luisillo, the famous Mexican Spanish dancer, has enjoyed a triumph with his company all over the world. His recent appearance, in London theatres and on a provincial tour, showed that he had developed his theatrical sense as well as disciplining his dancers.

by PETER WILLIAMS

Photographed by JOHN BLOMFIELD

IT was at the end of 1956 that Luisillo was last in England heading his company which showed a new feeling for the presentation of Spanish dance — a new feeling which had, as far as Spanish companies are concerned, a remarkable awareness of the integration of traditional dance steps with a sense of the dramatic. It was unfortunate that this season at Princes Theatre also coincided with that of Antonio at the Palace Theatre, a little farther down Shaftesbury Avenue. In all the clamour that inevitably surrounds this great international star it was understandable that Luisillo's season became rather overshadowed. In an article I wrote at the time (January *Dance and Dancers*, 1957), I praised this company for its ideas and successful attempt at break-away from the usual Spanish companies but I felt that the company as a whole was still a little immature.

Since then Luisillo has taken his company all over the world and triumph has mounted on triumph. Europe, South Africa, the Middle East and particularly Australia (where he played to such success that his long visit was extended and whence he is returning next year) all have come under the spell of this remarkable and intelligent little Mexican. Possibly the most extraordinary thing of all is that somebody not of pure Spanish blood should have been acclaimed with such fervour in, of all places, Madrid.

It is a pity that we cannot acclaim with equal fervour the management that thought fit to bring him to England and cause him to make his return to a country that has always loved and respected him, in the suburban theatre at Streatham Hill without any kind of advance publicity. It was merely by chance that I found out that he was in the vicinity of London at all and then it was too late for me to see him there so I had to trek to Golders Green so as to catch him before he embarked on a provincial tour. All of which, added to the fact that no West End season was forthcoming, immediately created the impression that there was something to be ashamed of, something to hide from the general London public. I weaved my way through the outrush of what are called "commutors" to North London with a certain amount of apprehension. Had Luis fallen down somehow and was his company inferior? These were the questions that passed through my mind.

The opening number *Sinfonia Sevillana* soon dispelled my doubts for it was danced only by the *corps de ballet* and they showed themselves to have almost the discipline of the New York City Ballet, and something that is quite unique in any Spanish company I have seen since the war. This was a re-working of an old work to Turina music. When I saw it previously I felt it was too long, had some nice groups but a certain amount of rather pointless movement. Today that is all changed for the patterns are clear and this abstract ballet progresses naturally with the music —the girls dance the first movement, the boys the second, and then both come together in the third. Although there are only eight dancers in all, four of each sex, Luisillo has used his stage space so well that there is never any feeling of emptiness, a quality shared by Frederick Ashton in his use of six dancers on a large stage for *Symphonic Variations*. It was a pleasure to see Spanish dancers all turning

ROMANCE CORDOBES: *Mario Vivo singing, flanked by Enrique Cagigal and Miguel Calindo, in a well-arranged music hall number.*

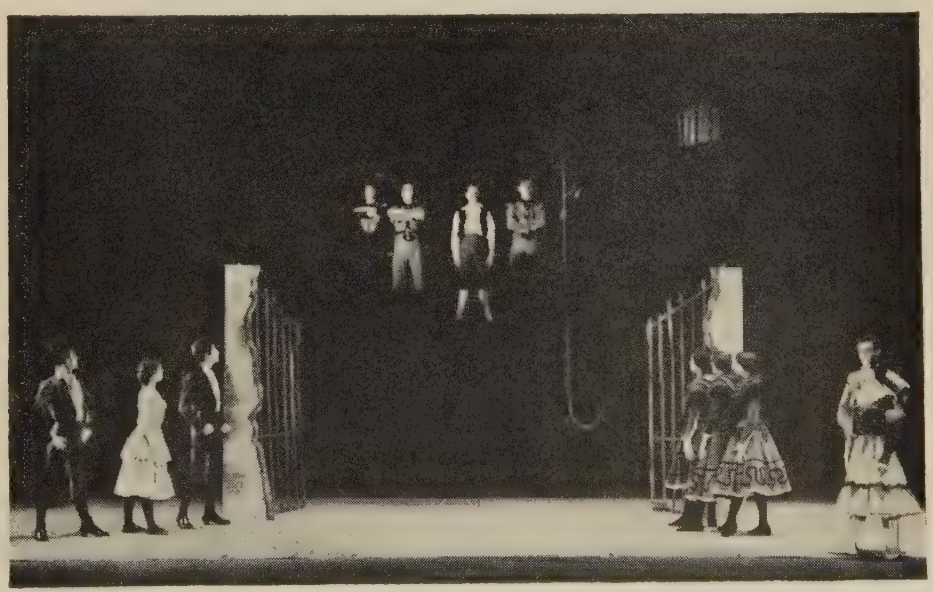
LA ESPERA: *Three scenes from Luisillo's new and highly dramatic work about the last moments of a man condemned to die. Above, the Convict (Luisillo) is seen alone in his cell while crowds gather to watch his execution. Middle, the Convict pleads with the public who denounce him. Below, the crowd's attitude changes when they realise that the Convict is about to be hanged.*

at the same time, raising their arms. knees and feet to the same level and all showing the same sense of style without anyone trying to outdo the other. The whole presentation created a very good impression and bridged over that usually difficult period of programme opening.

To me, one of the most extraordinary features of Luisillo's recent work is that a Mexican can so completely assimilate the atmosphere and temperature of another country and the essentials of Spain's atmosphere are something more personal to that country than with any other — especially in the different regions that are so dissimilar, a natural phenomenon in a country whose geographical climate ranges from something similar to Scandinavia to the torpid heat of North Africa. In his last programme he presented two excellent regional numbers — one from Valencia and the other from Zaragoza. The latter concerned the procession for the Blessed Virgin of the Pilar with its immense big-headed figures — after the religious procession everyone, including the clergy, got caught up in a *jota*. The Valencian episode was about the flirtatious and coy peasants who later celebrated the fiesta with tambourine dances. In the present programme, Luisillo goes to two other regions — to the cornfields of Andalusia and then right up north to Galicia. In *Trigales de Tebujena*, a typical scene from the Andalusian wheat-growing district is shown through the eyes of an engraving by Gustave Doré. The songs and dances are accompanied by the sounds of reaping and the various processes through which wheat has to go; an almost contrapuntal effect is achieved by the songs of the washerwomen and the girls going to fetch water from a well.

By the simplest means the décor manages to evoke the shimmering heat and dust of the plains of Andalusia, merely by making the various elements of scenery and the costumes looked scorched and sandy against a burnt out blue sky and by flooding the stage with light and obliterating all shadows.

This scene also brings on Luisillo for the first time as a dancer. Even when he and Teresa were dancing their more or less cabaret number with Carmen Amaya, Luisillo had an unusual quality. His short almost emaciated figure with his long, narrow "El Greco" face, his feeling of dancing almost privately for himself rather



than giving a flamboyant extrovert performance so as to seduce the audience; all these things singled him out as someone rather unusual. Even then he had speed, knife-edge precision and could perform a startling number of turns and it was as though he was burning himself up from within. Over the intervening years he has acquired an intellectual quality which seems to give a deeper meaning to all he does. It is as though he says, "I understand the vocabulary and traditions of the Spanish dance in its various classical, flamenco and regional forms. That I know and I respect but I feel that it must all be applied in some way so that it all has some meaning in the theatre rather than it being just an anthology of Iberian dance art." In the Andalusian number of which we were speaking, he appears to be a rider, possibly a passing traveller or an overseer, for he enters with a whip. This he uses in the opening part of his dance and it is typical of the way he uses percussive effects so as to heighten rhythm or to create a definite dramatic effect. All the qualities I have previously mentioned are in his dance and he still has one of the best figures in the business, how such energy can emanate from such an almost exaggeratedly slight frame is miraculous.

The other regional number, *Pandeirada de Santiago,* is a scene woven round typical incidents at a Galician village fountain. Local boys await the arrival of the girls to collect water when they hope to choose partners for the forthcoming Romeria (fiesta). The girls, of course, are coy, except for one, and the boys draw lots for her; the winner being the one boy, a typical shy and gauche person played by Luisillo, who never particularly wanted a girl anyway. They dance to a *pandeiro* (tambourine) cheered by the others until eventually all the townspeople arrive for the fiesta. After drawing lots for partners everyone gets caught up in the *Muneira* accompanied by bagpipes and drums which are one of the most distinctive features of dances from this region of Northern Spain. The general idea of this number was really little different to many such numbers but the attention to detail and the introduction of typical little incidents of authentic local colour gave the whole scene an air of rare charm.

From the lighter side of Spanish theatre came two numbers — *Romance Cordobes* (School of Raquel Meller/Lola Flores) and *Pregones Madrilenos* (School of Zarzuela). The former was virtually a song for Maria Vivo and some movements for two boys (Enrique Cagigal and Miguel Galindo) with a large shawl. It was effective in its way and Maria Vivo is a beautiful girl as well as possessing an equally beautiful voice. The other number, *Pregones Madrilenos,* has been seen here before and I still find that Luisillo's arrangement of typical Madrilene street cries into Zarzuela form wholly charming and full of atmosphere. Such scenes can be seen even today in the early morning in old Madrid and the Verbena (neighbourhood party) is a very common sight during the summer months. In an almost Massine-like way, Luisillo has collected everyday incidents and transformed them into dance-operetta form.

The most interesting side of Luisillo's choreographic development is in his awareness of the possibilities of dance drama on typically Spanish themes and by using the Spanish dance vocabulary. Previously he was highly successful with *Luna Sangrienta* (Blood on the Moon) about the rivalry between two gypsy families, the Camborios and the Montoyas; and in *El Ciego* (The Blind Man) about a man whose sight is restored only to find it separates him from the woman whom he has loved while in darkness. The new work in this idiom is *La Espera* (The Expectation).

A convict condemned to die awaits the hour of his execution. Alone in his cell his agonies increase as the hour approaches and he remembers the girl he loved. The public in their search for sensation come to watch the execution and, as he is taken to the scaffold denounce him. But when faced with his death their attitude changes and they pray for his departed spirit. Shamefacedly they depart continuing their chanting. In the end only the girl he loved is left mourning and heartbroken.

As in the two previous works, Luisillo uses silences, rhythmic percussive beats, music and song to achieve his effect. As in the work about the blind man. the impact depends mainly on his own performance in the central rôle. In the hands of most artists the long scene when he is alone in prison, fearful and remembering, could be either boring or embarrassing or

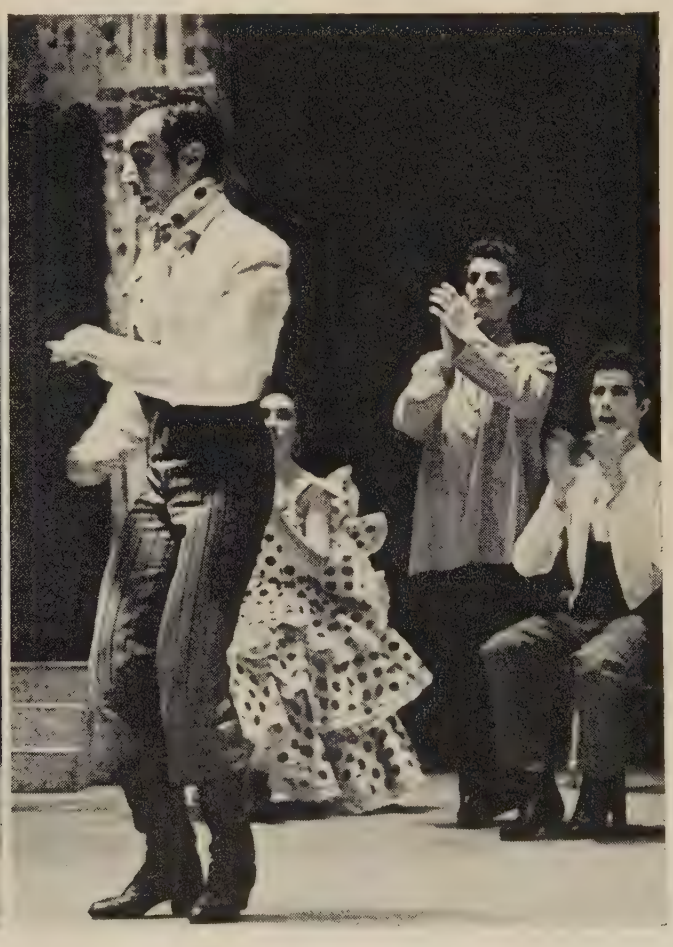
LUISILLO DANCES: Six pictures giving some idea of Luisillo's style and movement in his solo from the flamenco finale of the programme.

both. With Luisillo it becomes most moving because he has an expressive face and body of which he uses every particle to get his message over. In some ways it becomes a mixture of Petrushka's cell scene and the final scene in Bedlam from *The Rake's Progress*. Apart from his own magnificent performance, I liked the way the relentless beat of time, as the sands of one human life ran out, was suggested; also the final lament (Azagra's *Cradle Song)* sung by his Beloved, Maria Vivo, alone as the curtain fell. The stylised crowd also contained a number of characters who reacted to the tragic situation in various ways according to their respective calling. Capuletti's setting, on the two levels, and his costumes were excellent and also appeared to have been influenced by Doré.

After only one seeing it was difficult to absorb all the details of this work and I hope that I will be able to go into it more fully at a later date, but on first view it appeared to be a notable addition to Luisillo's dramatic gallery though possibly not so interestingly constructed as the other two because the various elements were less interwoven and relied more on a single performance. The only serious fault that I can see in these works, in the present stage of Luisillo's development as a choreographer, is that they rely too much on his physical presence — without him I cannot imagine that they can be performed. In the ordinary run of Spanish dance composers who are only concerned with presenting themselves and their companies this does not matter but I have reason to think that Luisillo is showing

Continued on page 34

BOTILLERIA DE LOS FAROLES: *Three members of Luisillo's company in one of the many flamenco dances which have been ingeniously dovetailed together to make a final scene in the recent programme.*



DISCARDED PAVILION: Margot Fonteyn, with Alexander Grant, John Field and Donald Britton in front of Beaurepaire's black and white pavilion which formed a part of the original décor. It was intended that it disappear during the ballet but was found to be too high for the Covent Garden lifts. For the first night it was a static part of the setting but later discarded for ever.

Ballet Perspectives: 18

Scènes de Ballet

by CLIVE BARNES

IN the years immediately following Stravinsky's taking up residence in the United States, he seems to have become interested in reaching a larger audience with his music than that customarily supplied by the concert public. In 1942 he wrote the *Circus Polka* for the Ringling Brothers Circus, and in 1946 he composed the Ebony Concerto for the jazz orchestra of Woody Herman. It was perhaps in this same mood of experiment that in 1944 he accepted a commission from the impresario Billy Rose to produce a short ballet for his forthcoming Broadway revue *The Seven Lively Arts*. The work he wrote was called, with majestic simplicity, *Scènes de Ballet*.

Billy Rose decided to ask Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, who were currently starring with Ballet Theatre, to join the cast of this revue featuring Beatrice Lillie. Dolin agreed to choreograph *Scènes de Ballet*, which had scenery by Norman Bel-Geddes and costumes by Paul Dupont. The first performance took place at the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, on December 7, 1944.

The idea of inserting a full-blown ballet into a Broadway show does not appear to have met with much success. Edwin Denby, writing of it at the time, said: "Dolin, who set it, means to evoke the sentiment of old-time ballet by traditional dance form — *pas de deux* and so forth — done to Stravinsky's shifting beat. Markova has a big entrance (she manages to conceal its barrenness), the chorus troop on and off again, and much of the time Markova and Dolin are doing choice bits from *Giselle*, anywhere on the stage. . . . Dolin's dance arrangement has no positive rhythm, the phrases start up and peter out; the dancing never gets going. . . . But the notion of playing a serious Stravinsky in a show or of asking Markova to dance seriously in one is a mistake anyway. Their tragic talents need a more intense concentration, a more sincere curiosity than a show audience cares to give."

The choreographer himself was apparently no more satisfied with the ballet than was Denby. In *Markova, Her Life and Art*, Dolin has written of the score as turning out "to be more than unsuitable for the revue and to which I valiantly and most unsuccessfully tried to choreograph and to show Alicia to her best advantage. Its only merit was it was short, and that Alicia danced in it."

However, although this first version was unsuccessful, Stravinsky recorded the score in 1945, conducting the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Officially the next version of the ballet was not proposed until Frederick Ashton took up the score in 1948, but, in fact, I suspect that someone else must have considered using this music as a ballet in 1946. The evidence of this is to be found on page 64 of *Stravinsky in the Theatre* (edited by Minna Lederman), which prints a project for a décor for *Scènes de Ballet* that was apparently designed in 1946 by Eugene Berman. Unless Berman was designing at hazard he had presumably received some kind of commission for this project, possibly, to indulge in a bit of sensible guessing, from George Balanchine.

Covent Garden's version of *Scènes de Ballet* started its career in a singular fashion. One day in the autumn of 1947, Frederick Ashton was taking a bath. From the radio in the next room came the sound of music he had not heard before. Restraining any Archimedes-like cry of *Eureka!* he waited with growing fascination for the announcement at the end telling him what the music was. The announcement, however, never came, so Ashton telephoned the BBC and was given the name, Stravinsky's *Scènes de Ballet*. He then made arrangements to get a copy of Stravinsky's recording from America.

In 1946 Boris Kochno's Ballets des Champs Elysées had first visited London, bringing with them the work of many new Parisian designers. Ashton felt that it was time that a few of these designers were introduced into British ballet, and he decided to invite André Beaurepaire to collaborate on *Scènes de Ballet*. Ashton discussed the project with Richard Buckle, who at one time suggested a scenario for the ballet, which although later completely abandoned may still have left a few vestigial traces in the eventual work. Although Ashton had seen the décor Beaurepaire had produced for Marcel Berger's *Concert de Danses*, given by the Champs Elysées Ballet, he had never met the artist, and consequently Buckle, who was a friend of Beaurepaire, went to Paris to discuss the idea with the artist.

A few weeks later Beaurepaire came to England, where he stayed with Buckle, and started work on Ashton's ballet. Of all the trials and difficulties of that time, Buckle has left a highly-coloured, yet equally highly-amusing, account, in his autobiography *The Adventures of a Ballet Critic*. Certainly the collaboration between Ashton and Beaurepaire does not appear to have been a particularly easy one.

Stravinsky has described the work as follows: "A classical ballet which I composed in 1944. This music is patterned after the forms of the classical dance, free of any given literary or dramatic argument. The parts follow each other as in a sonata or in a symphony, in contrasts or similarities." Ashton envisaged the work as a straightforward neo-classical ballet for a ballerina and *premier danseur*, four male soloists and a *corps de ballet* of twelve girl soloists. For the final apotheosis Ashton wanted a scenic transformation. To achieve this Beaurepaire produced two sets, the first consisting of mysterious arches, not unlike a Roman aqueduct, and the second representing a spiky Gothic pavilion. The intention was for the arches to disappear and the pavilion to rise up at the back taking their place.

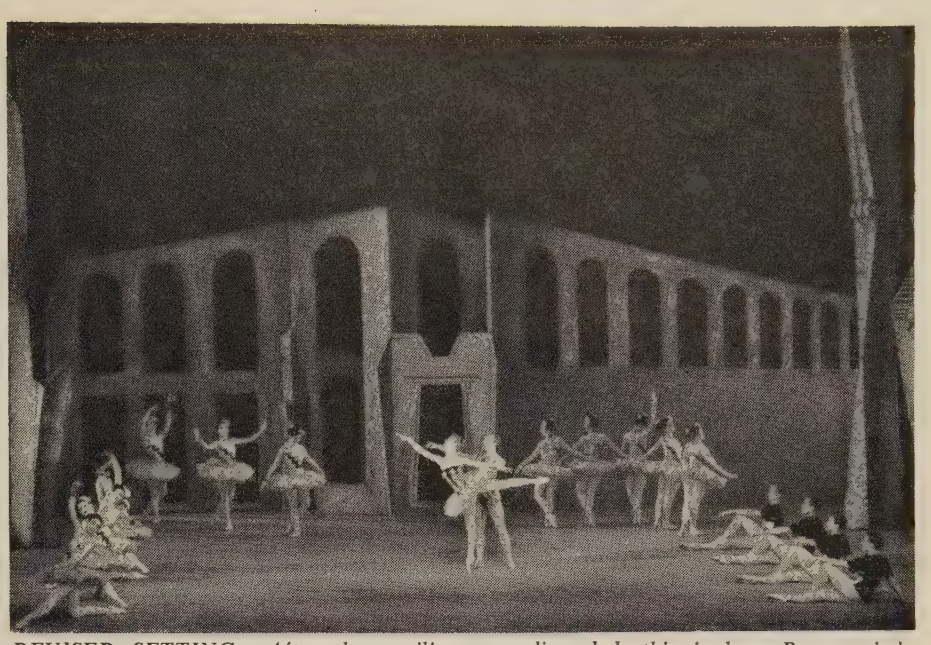
At the stormy dress rehearsal it was discovered that the mechanical device would not work, and it also became apparent that the two settings were ludicrously different in their architectural styles. It was consequently decided to abandon the arches, and to use only the pavilion set. After the first night it seemed clear that the bet had been placed on the wrong horse, and the pavilion was relegated to the lumber room, while the original main set was restored to the ballet.

The first performance took place on February 11, 1948. The cast included Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, Donald Britton, Alexander Grant, John Field and Philip Chatfield. The ballet flopped limply at the première. The dancing was so bad that Ashton's choreography, although

evidently of some, and possibly of considerable merit, was cruelly obscured. Matters were made worse by Beaurepaire's futile pavilion and an extremely shaky performance from the orchestra — it appeared to be as equally under-rehearsed as the dancers were over-rehearsed — under its conductor, Geoffrey Corbett. The work was greeted apathetically by most of the house, although there was a certain amount of scandalised booing from the gallery. For the most part the critics the next day tended towards a certain charitable disinterest, surprisingly kindly, yet markedly unimpressed. It was left to *The Times* to jump in with the both feet for which it is famous and describe it as "a ballet which had the one merit of brevity". This notice, incidentally, was rather a long one. Few ballet masterpieces can have had so unfortunate a launching.

Scènes de Ballet has frequently been called either Ashton's "homage to Petipa" or, with much more justice, his "homage to classical ballet". Yet while this may be a fair, if limited, description of the end product, Ashton did not set out consciously with that purpose in mind. Naturally he was, as always, guided primarily by the music. Other choreographic influences in this instance were sculpture, particularly Michelangelo, and also Euclidean geometry. Ashton has told me how the discovery of a school-book of Euclid fired his imagination. In an article in John Hart's book of photographs, *The Royal Ballet in Performance at Covent Garden,* Margaret Dale has described this "geometrical" method. "Once during the rehearsals of *Scènes de Ballet* he produced a book of Euclid showing the dancers a geometric design which he wanted to use as a basis for a ground pattern. Having shown them the design, he let them work out the mechanics of the pattern, then with a sure touch completed the steps in an intricate rhythm, and added all the details that brought the passage to life."

While this plotless ballet is obviously devoid of any theme, and full of consciously abstract patterns, it nevertheless carries strong emotional overtones and one would need both black eye-patches and cloth-ears to be blind and deaf to them.



REVISED SETTING: After the pavilion was discarded, this is how Beaurepaire's setting looked — and how it has remained to this day. Moira Shearer and John Hart are seen in the principal rôles.

The dancers are completely depersonalised, and the ballet is as non-literary as the chastest classical *pas de deux.* At the same time it can be seen as a dance epithalamium, a poetic statement of love and fulfilment. Stravinsky and Ashton have here bared a ballet like *The Sleeping Beauty* down to its bones of symbolism, cutting away everything but the essential basic idea of man, woman, a *pas de deux* and its apotheosis.

For the two plotless ballets that immediately preceded this work, *Symphonic Variations* and *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales,* Ashton had employed a clear, lyrical style — light and brilliant for the Franck, softer and more romantic for the Ravel — that with this slight adaptation was suitable for both ballets. When he came to *Scènes de Ballet,* he produced a more cerebral style of choreography that matched Stravinsky's complexities with darting, geometrical patterns, yet also retained the open-hearted Petipa-like classicism to suggest the expansive nature of a score that often finds its composer in a Tchaikovsky mood.

There is, however, nothing like pastiche in either the work of Ashton or Stravinsky here — the ballet is uncompromisingly modern in both idiom and (I use this word of both music *and* choreography) orchestration. Music and dancing are here full of a soft dissonance and a strange harmony that would startle Petipa and Tchaikovsky.

Ashton — like Balanchine — is frequently accused of being unable to choreograph for male dancers with the same facility as for women. (There is some apparent evidence for this, although it is probably largely due

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PRINCIPALS THEN AND NOW: Left, Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes leading the girls of the corps *in a promenade in the original production. Right, Brian Shaw and Nadia Nerina, who later took over the principal rôles, though today Nerina's part is danced by Annette Page and Merle Park.*

The Classics come to Germany

The new production of Swan Lake, **by Nicholas Beriosoff for the Staatsoper in Stuttgart, is one of many classical revivals now sweeping through the German opera houses.**

by PETER WILLIAMS

THERE is a tendency for most people, when they think of dance in Germany, to consider it to be the home and stamping-ground, in its most literal sense, of the so-called Modern or Central European Dance movement. It was here that Mary Wigman, a pupil of Rudolf Von Laban in Munich from 1913, developed her "Non-classical" style of dance which not only swept Germany but also reached across the Atlantic to inspire that great and wonderful woman Martha Graham, who developed this branch of dance art in a far more open and tolerant way because she worshipped "dance" in all its forms. But if Modern Dance has its Bethlehem, then it is in Germany, and from the end of World War I to the end of World War II it swayed the minds and bodies of its people in spite of the frequent visits, and sometimes very successful ones, of the Russian classical companies such as those controlled by Diaghilev and others.

When the then Sadler's Wells Ballet visited Berlin Stadtische Oper in 1953, members of the company who had known Germany before discovered a great change. It was not the contemporary works which had a success but the oldest of all classics — *Giselle*. Even Mary Wigman went to see this production, which Londoners have never considered to be any great shakes, and afterwards she was reported as having said, "It does not matter what type of dancing I see, when I see sincere work, produced in good taste, as I saw tonight in *Giselle*, then I am deeply moved." Germany, it seemed, was in the process of doing a *volte face*.

The tide had turned and a great classical wave started to spread and submerge the pillars of the previous temple of Modern Dance. That wave has continued to grow until nearly every one of the country's many opera houses, and nearly every town worthy of the name seems to have one, possesses a ballet company — what's more, a classical ballet company. This phenomenon interested me, so I gratefully accepted an invitation from the Staatsoper in Stuttgart to see their new production of *Swan Lake* mounted by Nicholas Beriosoff.

Just how large this classical wave is was made apparent to me immediately on arrival when I was told that this was the fourth new production of the four-act *Swan Lake* to be put on in Germany this year. Just imagine such a thing happening in any country, apart from Russia! In Stuttgart alone, Beriosoff has already mounted two other Maryinsky classics — *Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker* — within two years.

The present Opera House in Stuttgart, partially destroyed during the war, is a typical piece of late 'twenties architecture — opulent, heavy and unendearing from the outside. But the auditorium is charming and comfortable in soft lavender grey velvet. John Gilpin, when describing in a lecture the various tours of Festival Ballet, once said that the stage of the Stuttgart Staatsoper was the one he liked to dance on most. A view hardly shared by the resident company, who complained of the dangerous knots and holes in the boards. The odd thing is that, although the stage is big, the ballet is only danced on a small portion of it. Needless to say, as in all State opera houses apart from those in England, back-stage is spacious with large dressing-rooms and rehearsal rooms.

Beriosoff's version of *Swan Lake*, which had its first performance on April 29, is virtually a mélange of the original Moscow and the St. Petersburg versions of Tchaikovsky's great four-act work. Using Begitschev's libretto and certain features of the version which Bourmeister reconstructed for the Moscow Stanislavsky company, he has interpolated Ivanov's "Cygnets" *pas de quatre* and the *grand adagio* from Act 2 as well as the "Black Swan" *grand pas de deux* from Act 3 as they were originally created at the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg. Added to which Beriosoff has choreographed several new numbers and revised a great deal of what is already familiar. The total result is certainly a ballet, and one of very considerable length, though I am a little dubious as to the wisdom of not sticking to either one version or the other.

The Maryinsky version, as it was handed down to Diaghilev and to the Royal Ballet and International Ballet in England by Sergueeff, certainly has many shortcomings

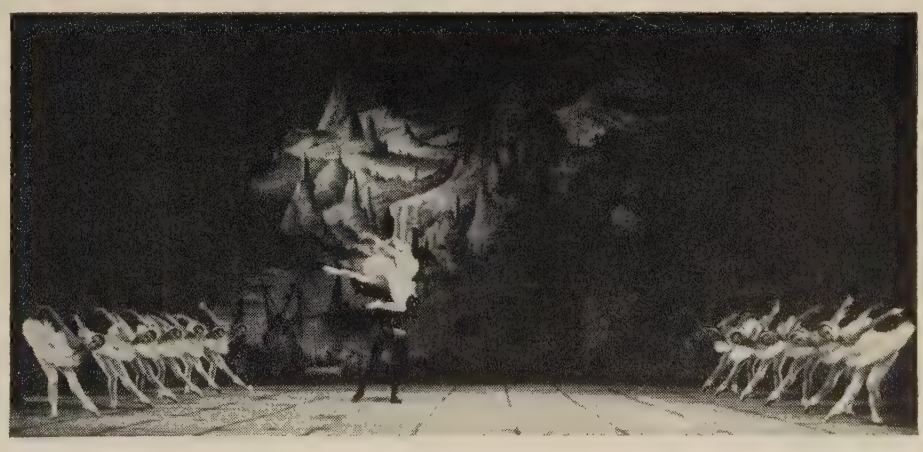
LAKESIDE SETTING: Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's design for the setting used in the prologue, Act 2 and Act 4, of Beriosoff's production of Swan Lake *in Stuttgart.*

ODETTE AND PRINCE SIEGFRIED: Xenia Palley and Donald Barclay, above, in the adage pas de deux *from Act 2 of the Stuttgart* Swan Lake.
Photos: Madeline Winkler-Betzendhal.

when it comes to any kind of story-telling. In fact a lot of it is utterly meaningless. On the other hand it contains innumerable passages of glorious, lyrical and poetically conceived choreography, so one accepts it, and certain ballerinas have contributed so much of their artistry to the Odette/Odile rôle that, in these particular cases, any added narrative would merely became an incumberance. Very different was the version that Vladimir Bourmeister so lovingly and carefully reconstructed from the original Moscow version for his company, the Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko Theatre Ballet, and which I saw when this company came to Paris. Here all the full drama was brought out — the story being completely plausible — added to which there was a great deal of exciting choreography never seen outside Russia before.

Beriosoff uses the "Stanislavsky" prologue with Princess Odette (danced by Xenia Palley) picking flowers by the lakeside, being spirited away by Von Rothbart (Gerd Praast) and turned into a swan whom we see floating away across the lake. After this brief passage of music, which in the Maryinsky version is played before the curtain rises, we move on the neighbourhood of Prince Siegfried's home. Here, I was completely at a loss to know just where we were and just what everyone was doing. Sky and the perspective of columns were all of a deep parchment brown relieved in the middle of the backcloth with a great swirl of green drapery limply supported by some very stylised cupids. This and the fact that costumes spanned four or more centuries completely destroyed the plausibility that had been built up in the Prologue. Here the fault lay with the designer, Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, who appeared to see this act as a kind of alfresco fancy-dress ball so exclusive that peasants and huntsmen were not invited. Beriosoff has gone out of his way to make this act completely "danced" with the mime, apart from a hectic appearance of the Princess Mother, reduced to an absolute minimum. Had there been a greater feeling of place or occasion, within the context of the ballet's narrative, this act would have

SWANS AND LOVERS: Above, Odette (Palley) and Prince Siegfried (Barclay) with the corps de ballet *in Act 2.* *Photo: Kurt Rebmann.*
Below, the same couple with the corps de ballet *in the* pas de deux *from Act 4.*
Photo: Hannes Kilian.



ACT ONE DIVERTISSEMENT: *Left, Ray Barra doing a* cabriole devante *from his solo in the* Grande Valse *from Act 1 (Photo: Kurt Rebmann). Right, Georgette Tsinguirides, Hugo Delavalle and Doris Kaupp in the* Pas de Trois *from Act 1 (Photo: Hannes Kilian).*

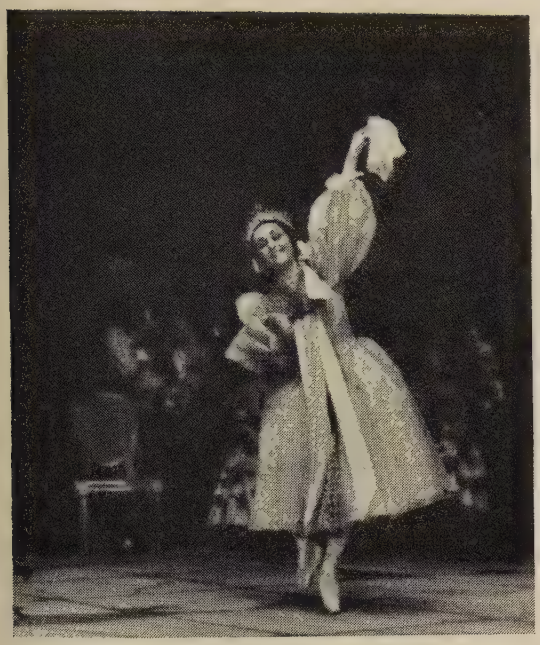
been superior to the one we know. As it is, dance follows dance for no particular reason except that they are linked by the antics of a Jester (Hugo Delavalle) and the occasional participation of Prince Siegfried (Donald Barclay). The *Valse pas de six* is less of an *ensemble* as it now contains different *entrées, soli* and *pas de deux,* and was mainly distinguished by the dancing of Ray Barra, formerly a soloist of American Ballet Theatre, who has now developed into a fine dancer with good elevation and *batterie* as well as being a strong partner. The pleasant choreography was rather spoilt for me by the introduction of one of those lifts (lifted, I would say from a Balanchine ballet, possibly *Serenade)* in which two boys hold up a girl horizontally who then kicks her leg up and over as she comes down — suitable in some ballets but not here. This is followed by the rushed entrance of the Princess Mother (Nathalie Kelepovska), dressed as Queen Elizabeth I in brilliant scarlet, who with the speed of an early silent movie indicates her displeasure at the fact that the prince has been drinking, then going on to suggest a few of the girls hanging around as being likely brides, before flouncing off. The dancers for the *pas de trois* come hurtling on immediately. This followed the general pattern of the well-known Maryinsky version and was passably danced by Hugo Delavalle (who turns badly), Georgette Tsinguirides (who tends to strain) and Doris Kaupp (who shows considerable promise and nice *équilibre).* This was followed by the dance for the Tutor and the girls and the Peasant Dance, which in the Maryinsky version gets the *corps de ballet* off stage. This latter was well-arranged and decidedly superior to the usual version.

At this point Beriosoff introduces a great deal of music, not used in most productions outside Russia. Yet another *pas de six* (to music which Tchaikovsky wrote for the Act 3 *pas de six* in the original Moscow score) brings the Prince into a dance with the girls, a solo for the Jester and solo for Ray Barra (with some excellent *tours en l'air)* and various other items which add up to quite a lot of effective dancing.

After this, night falls and the *corps* bearing candles exit to a charming Lullaby (music for the 1st variation in the Act 1 *pas de trois* from Tchaikovsky's Moscow score). Some rather jet-propelled swans fly overhead and the Prince leaves the Jester and Tutor alone on the stage.

It is possibly more poetic not to have a swan hunt with huntsmen but it makes it harder to explain to the audience just why the Prince is mooning around the lake in the beginning of Act 2. This act otherwise more or less follows the generally known pattern of the Maryinsky version and which appeared to be similar in the Stanislavsky production. The grouping of the *corps* is different and there are more swans lying on the floor. This is the moment to say something of the dancing from the two principals — Xenia Palley as Odette and Donald Barclay as Prince Siegfried. Palley will be remembered in London when she danced with the de Cuevas company at Covent Garden as a young girl. Later she was awarded the first René Blum prize in 1952. Now she has matured into a dancer with many of the qualities of the Bolshoi school — a grandeur of movement, high elevation, great attack and a soaring Russian *arabesque.* She is capable of making her "big" moments very big indeed, but is careless about her lesser moments, and this gives her work as a whole a rather uneven quality. If only she could

THE BALLROOM: Xenia Palley, as Odile, in her variation from Act 3 in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's setting which appears to have been greatly inspired by the massive conceptions of the Bibiena family. Photo: Hannes Kilian.



ACT THREE DIVERTISSEMENTS: *Left, Micheline Fauré in the Russian Dance and, right, Xenia Palley and Donald Barcley in the "Black Swan"* pas de deux *from Act 3.* *Photos: Hannes Kilian.*

achieve a continuous flow through all her dancing she would be a formidable performer. I get the impression that she has carefully studied the externals of the present Soviet school but without having the strong discipline that made Russian dancers what they were — and still are. None the less, there were moments in Odette/Odile that became very exciting.

Donald Barclay used to be a member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and he has a very clean and impressive technique. In a company that was not noticeable for any display of pure classical line he shone out like a jewel and was a fine example of the type of male dancer that Britain, after nearly thirty years of striving, is now starting to produce. The one sad thing is that nature has not thought fit to provide him with a classical face, and this unfortunately uncontrollable feature slightly mars his stage presence in rôles such as Prince Siegfried. None of which was helped by a most unbecoming glittery gold costume for Acts 1 and 2 and a rush of gold dust to his natural hair. Nor was his partnering any too sure.

The best designing in the whole ballet came with Ponnelle's Act 2 setting (reproduced on page 22) — all black and white and fussy like a Dürer wood-engraving but eminently Romantic and with a feeling for the Tchaikovsky score. His Act 3 ballroom setting was less apt. Not because it did not most admirably represent the stately hall in a castle but because it seemed to have been copied from one of the 18th-century theatrical architectural fantasies of the Bibiena family. This was also done by Bakst for the Diaghilev *Sleeping Princess* and later by Oliver Messel for the Wells' production of the same work, but though this deliberate stealing was all right for the work in question, *Swan Lake* is an essentially Romantic Gothic work, and what Ponnelle did led to an even greater disparity of styles between his three settings — each act might well have been designed by a different person and for a different ballet. Against this sepia background, the highly-coloured costumes were of astounding elaboration and opulence which had nothing to do with suitability or good taste. They gave an even further lack of plausibility to a production that Beriosoff had obviously striven hard to reconstruct with some kind of coherence.

In this act Beriosoff used a number of "Stanislavsky" features such as each prospective bride dancing a few steps watched over by a duenna and also the right and confusing materialisation of Odile in some of the character dances. But the attempt was rather half-hearted and the fact that so much of the Sergueeff/Maryinsky version remained, caused it all to have the same sort of patchwork feeling of the costumes. The character dances, particularly the *Mazurka,* were well arranged and equally well danced, and it is in these that the German dancers seem most at home. But one of the most charming features of this character *divertissement* was the introduction of a Russian Dance (to a solo violin, originally used in this act and arranged by Drigo), given with great style by a French dancer, Micheline Fauré. Another interpolation was a number for the Jester and prospective brides (to more music from the original Act 3, *pas de six).* The Neapolitan Dance, a moderate reproduction of what Ashton created for the Royal Ballet version, had a spirited performance from Georgette Tsinguirides and Graeme Anderson, who was once a member of Festival Ballet. The Black Swan *pas de deux* had a rather disappointing performance from Palley and Barclay — she was rather shaky, though he was good in the *coda.* This may all have been due to first-night nerves.

The most fascinating part of the Stanislavsky production was the last act, which, in the Sergueeff/Maryinsky version is always rather an anti-climax. I had high hopes that Beriosoff would be able to reproduce some of the excitement of the Moscow production in Stuttgart. Unfortunately these hopes were not fully realised, possibly because the stage staff were unable to achieve some of the remarkable effects which, when I saw the ballet in Paris, had made such an overwhelming apotheosis to the whole ballet. A few elementary lightning-flickers and a semblance of waves projected on the backcloth can never make a very convincing storm, and it is left for the music to impart any sense of climax. However, one delightful feature was retained from the Stanislavsky version, and that was the slow sad funeral procession of swans going away and leaving the stricken Prince. Here again the music comes from that remarkable original Act 3 *pas de six* (which seems to have had so much good music that it is amazing that more people have not used it). In the end, and after Von Rothbart's death, Odette turns back into a human and she and Prince Siegfried rise up on a rock dominated by a Walt Disney castle and which they dominate by about three feet.

The classics have certainly come to Germany, but I would not say that the German dancers as a whole yet have a complete understanding of classicism as it has been built up over centuries. It is impossible of course to be too dogmatic about this because one of the finest classical dancers of our time is Peter Van Dijk — now a star at the Paris Opéra — and he was schooled in Germany. But if Stuttgart and Munich, where I saw another *Swan Lake* on this same tour, are any criterion — and they are both considered highly in their country — then I would say that the classical foundation has still to be greatly strengthened, and this is bound to take a great number of years as it originally did in Russia, and as we know that it has in Britain. There is not the slightest doubt that Beriosoff and others have performed yeoman service in bringing this about — it became abundantly clear after seeing the Stuttgart company in class, rehearsal and performance — but as yet they have to understand the perfection of line and the fact that there is a meaning to the classical vocabulary, which is far, far more than just a stringing together of steps. One great asset that they have instinctively — a national asset this — that of extreme musical sensitivity.

This *Swan Lake,* and about whose first performance only these notes are written, will doubtless be burnished up both as regards performance and production, but even without any further work done on it the acclaim on the first night was spectacular, and, according to reports later received, this state of affairs has continued at every subsequent performance.

curtain up!

AMERICA'S HONOURED ARTISTS: I. Adele and Fred Astaire with their award from Dance Magazine. *As a team they were the most beloved song and dance artists of the 'twenties. She retired on her marriage but he continued to this day, scaling even greater heights.*

New light on the Albert Hall

THE Albert Hall — that gasometer-like building so much laughed at, criticised and yet held in such strange affection by the London public — has not proved in the past to be the ideal setting for dance spectacles. Yet some highly successful dance seasons, mainly of a folklore nature, have been held there, and these have played a considerable part in the growing prosperity of the Hall in recent years.

Owing to this prosperity, the management have very wisely ploughed some of it back into making a number of improvements. For instance the gas lighting, the emergency lighting circuit, has now gone, and the 11,000 gas mantles have been replaced by 3,500 electric bulbs. This improvement will probably go unnoticed by the general public. But audiences, when they flock in to see the Bolshoi dancers who opened a three-week season at the end of June, will certainly feel the benefit of the new sunken orchestra pit which can be covered when not required. The great problem in dance spectacles in the past has always been where to put the orchestra — sometimes it has been behind the dancers and sometimes at the side and neither position was ever very satisfactory — now that problem exists no longer.

Another improvement is that the balcony has been re-seated with more comfortable seats. And back-stage the artists will benefit from their new quarters, rebuilt according to the more generally accepted idea of what back-stage should be like. All this is to be greatly applauded as London badly needs somewhere to house elaborate concert programmes and massive folk dance companies. Let us hope that a slightly less incongruous background can also be devised for these entertainments.

Choreographic penguins

THE considerable knowledge that many people now have of the history of ballet is largely due to the fact that some important books have appeared in paperbacks, thus making them available to everybody with a few shillings to spare. Before the war Penguins published a book by Arnold Haskell that was highly informative at the time ; more recently G. B. L. Wilson's Penguin dictionary of ballet has proved to be quite invaluable. Now this list is added to by Serge Grigorieff's admirable *The Diaghilev Ballet 1909-1929,* in which he gives a very straightforward and unbiased account of the most remarkable ballet company of this century. However, it is with dismay that we learn that this list has now been enlarged by the inclusion of *Nijinsky,* by his wife Romola Nijinsky, whose pronouncements give the most lop-sided account of ballet ever perpetuated between two boards, now between paperbacks and fronts. What a pity that Penguins did not continue their splendid work by republishing one of the finest books of this century by and about a dancer — *Theatre Street* by Tamara Karsavina.

Changed passport

"BALLET has now changed its passport from Russian to British," so said the critic of *La Prensa* in Buenos Aires during the visit of London's Festival Ballet there. This may or not be true, but there is no doubt about the different stamps there must be on the passports of every member of this British company. Their ten-week tour across South America took them 25,000 miles and in every place they played to packed houses and earned themselves such adjectives as "Stupendous", "Sensational" and "Fantastic". The most popular ballets were *Etudes* and *Witch Boy.* The company arrived back in England on May 31 flushed with success and the kind hospitality of everybody in every place they played ; they also came back glittering with precious stones, which were, it seems, very cheap. After such a successful tour, in which they were sponsored by the British Council, one would think that they deserved a bit of holiday, but almost immediately they flew off again to Nice, where they appear as part of the celebrations to commemorate that city's annexation by France from Italy. There they will appear in a new ballet by Serge Lifar, on the loves of Napoleon, which has been designed by André Levasseur. London gets a chance of seeing this on the opening night of the company's season at Festival Hall.

End of a theatre

WHEN a theatre closes, there is usually an awful rumpus nowadays. The closing of the old Mercury Theatre at Notting Hill a few years back caused no such stir, in spite of the fact that it had been one of the cradles of British ballet.

The reason for this lack of stir at the time was because the old theatre (formerly a church hall) was small and limited in its uses ; because the Rambert School needed the building for a studio ; and above all because it was an open secret that a new Mercury Theatre was planned, bigger and better than the old, on a site immediately opposite.

The years passed but, apart from a certain amount of talk, there was no sign of the new Mercury. Now I find that there is to be no new theatre at Notting Hill. The Chairman of the L.C.C. Town Planning Committee announced recently in reply to a question that the application for approval of the scheme had proved unsuccessful.

The Chairman gave no details but it seems a crying shame that the London County Council, after agreeing to give Ballet Rambert a small grant, should deprive them in this way of the chance to have their own London theatre. Not only does North-West London need a theatre such as the Sadler's Wells Theatre in London N.E. and the Old Vic in London S.E., but it would have made a most fitting memorial to Ashley Dukes, Madame Rambert's late husband, who spent so many years of his life in bringing culture to this area. Let us hope that all doors are not closed and that the L.C.C. can have second thoughts about this whole project.

Ballet clash again

IT seems a pity that Britain's ballet companies cannot arrange things better. Season clashes between visiting foreign companies are more understandable because they often have to fit dates into a long planned tour of other countries. With home companies there is less excuse. Ballet Rambert's Sadler's Wells season has long been

AMERICA'S HONOURED ARTISTS: II. Lillian Gish, one of the greatest actresses of silent movie days, with Martha Graham, unquestionably one of the greatest dance personalities of our time, after the former had presented Graham with the North Shore (Long Island, N.Y.) Award, an annual presentation to an honoured artist.

announced as opening on July 18. A short time ago London Festival Ballet announced their Festival Hall season as opening on the same date, but mercifully this has since been changed to the following evening.

A slightly piquant situation arises in the fact that Flemming Flindt, the Danish dancer who was very popular with Festival Ballet a season or two back, will be appearing in London — but with Ballet Rambert. He is to undertake the rôle of James in *La Sylphide,* which is to be revived for the first time by a British company during the Rambert season. Elsa Marianne Von Rosen, who is reconstructing the Bournonville choreography with a number of original details not in the version given by the Royal Danish Ballet, will dance the title rôle for the early performances. Later she will be replaced by Lucette Aldous.

A choreographer retires

A CHOREOGRAPHER who has worked on the English stage for 45 years retired the other day — and I would be willing to bet that most readers had never heard of her.

Maisie Cryer began her career as a Tiller girl, then became ballet mistress to Sir Oswald Stoll ; later she went to the Windmill Theatre as one of the two resident choreographers there. (The other one, of course, is former ballet dancer Keith Lester.)

Certainly Miss Cryer won no great fame as a dance creator, although she had a successful career. However, if her reputation was limited, she had one great consolation — her choreography was probably more intently studied by the Windmill audience than any other choreographer's work normally is ! One of her specialities was arranging the fan dance which forms a part of almost every Windmill programme — in this the principal dancer wore nothing but a pair of shoes and two handfuls of ostrich feathers.

Tchaikovsky's 'English' premiere

IT seems strange that any dance music by Tchaikovsky should be having its first performance ever — at this juncture of affairs. But when the Royal Academy of Dancing presented *Casse Noisette* at Liverpool at the end of April a hitherto unknown dance was included. The conductor, Aidan Woodcock, studied the edition of the score published in Moscow during 1955 and found, at the end, the piano score of an English jig together with the copy of a note which Tchaikovsky had written to say that he had not orchestrated this because he understood the director no longer wanted to include the English dance.

Woodcock orchestrated the piece, and Leo Kersley (who was producing the entire ballet) created choreography for it. This dance might well be a welcome novelty if rumour is correct and the Royal Ballet is to revive *Casse Noisette* at Covent Garden in the none too distant future.

Alexander stands in

SUSAN ALEXANDER had to dance extra performances of the Aurora rôle in *The Sleeping Beauty* with the touring Royal Ballet when Antoinette Sibley hurt her knee recently. In fact she has been doing this sort of thing during most of her career, valiantly stepping into nearly all the touring company's principal rôles — often at the last moment. Yet she is the only one of the Royal Ballet's Auroras not scheduled to dance the role at Covent Garden — and if the grapevine is to be believed, she may now never do so.

Her engagement has just been announced to John Pretty and they are to marry in August. Rumour has it that she will then retire from dancing. Whatever she decides, I know that readers will join me in wishing her every happiness.

They're talking about Fille

EVERY new ballet brings its crop of strange statements made by members of the public either during the intervals or on the way out. Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée* has already collected a crop of its own. Recently at Covent Garden I heard one person who was looking at the programme notes remark : "My dear, it says here in the programme this was first given in 1789, yet this is only the *twelfth* performance." This gentleman must have thought that people in ballet have long memories or that the work was a decided flop. Even more surprising, to my mind, was the lady who asked on her way out after a performance of the same ballet : "Now *which* part did you say Robert Helpmann was going to dance?"

But possibly the prize goes to the person who wrote to Covent Garden about seats for a ballet called *Female Gardée.* However, it does not matter much what people say or even call the ballet as long as they go to see it, because this two-act Ashton re-working of Europe's oldest ballet has proved to be one of the biggest box-office successes since the company first put on *The Sleeping Beauty* immediately after the war — what is more everyone seems to come away from it in a happy mood, which in these disturbing times is really something.

A much loved dancer

HERBERT BLISS danced only two seasons in this country, and they were as long ago as 1950 and 1952, for the company in which he danced — New York City Ballet — has not revisited us since then. In spite of this many British ballet-goers remembered him with affection.

He had a pleasant and friendly manner both on and off stage. Since New York City Ballet were last here, he left them, first to teach and later to become a car salesman.

He moved to California and severed his connection with ballet so thoroughly that it was only by the chance of seeing a report in a local paper that his former friends learned with great sadness that he had been killed in a car accident at Easter.

happy birthday to...

		July
Gail Johnson	London's Festival Ballet	15
Penelope Winter	Canadian National Ballet	17
Joan Cadzow	Dancing in Paris	17
Daphne Dale	De Cuevas International Ballet	18
Anne Negus	Teaching in England	21
Angela Bayley	Teaching in Holland	22
Julia Farron	The Royal Ballet	22
Alexis Rassine	Concert Tours	26
Stella Farrance		26
Anton Dolin	London's Festival Ballet	27
Alexander Bennett	The Royal Ballet	27
David Blair	The Royal Ballet	27
Jacques d'Amboise	New York City Ballet	28
Valerie Lyon	Canadian National Ballet	31
		August
Georgina Parkinson	The Royal Ballet	4
Jacqueline Ivings	Canadian National Ballet	4
Doreen Tempest	Chicago Opera Ballet	4
Betty Oliphant	Canadian National Ballet	
Leslie Edwards	The Royal Ballet	7
Richard Adama	Vienna Opera Ballet	8
Jack Carter	Choreographer in England	8
Ronald Plaisted	The Royal Ballet	9
Georges Goviloff	De Cuevas International Ballet	10
Angela Symonds	London's Festival Ballet	12
Sigurd Leeder	Teaching in Chile	14
Anne Rowse	London's Festival Ballet	15
Margaret Hill		16
Donald Britton	The Royal Ballet	17
Alfred Rodrigues	Choreographer in England	18
Carla Fracci	La Scala Ballet	20
Donald MacLeary	The Royal Ballet	22

Dancer You Will Know

Photo : Keith McMillan.

DEANNE BERGSMA

BORN in Pretoria, South Africa. Started to dance with Marjorie Sturman in Johannesburg. She was seen by Claude Newman, who visited South Africa in 1956, examining for the R.A.D. In 1957 she came to England and joined the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden after the first School performance of Coppélia *in 1959.*
Rôles : Prayer in Coppélia ; *Lilac Fairy in* The Sleeping Beauty. *Creations : (for Sunday Ballet Club) the Nightingale in Faith Worth's* The Venus Flower : *Leading Dancer in Ray Powell's* One in Five.

JUNE 11, 1960, will probably be remembered in Royal Ballet annals as the day the Lilac Fairies came to Covent Garden. With Vyvyan Lorrayne in the afternoon and Deanne Bergsma in the evening, the company produced a brace of lilac ladies so promising, so assured, that even the fiendish ingenuity of Oliver Messel's new costumes could not extinguish them.

Bergsma is a long-limbed beauty in the Beriosova tradition. She first came to prominence right at the beginning of last year dancing brilliantly for Sunday Ballet Club. This was followed by her official stage début with the Royal Ballet School in *Coppélia,* when she danced Prayer with a sweetness and eloquence that was almost evangelist in its effect.

Once in the *corps de ballet,* she stood out partly because of her height, partly because of her distinctive good looks, and partly because of her exceptional dancing. As the Lilac Fairy she brought to the rôle a young, almost shy dignity, a sort of reticent expansiveness, a blazing personality still obscured by the clouds of inexperience. Her dancing was a similar mixture, with its unusual blend of fluency and gawkiness. She was like a gracefully clumsy foal that is clearly going to become a thoroughbred racehorse. It was a most exciting début.

THE ROYAL BALLET at Covent Garden

Three Giselles

ONE can — and I here suspect that I am speaking for more regular ballet-goers than would care to admit it — quite easily have too much of that ballet called *Giselle*, especially when it is, as it so often is, produced by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. It is a deplorable aspect of London's ballet life that so much of the Royal Ballet's repertory is devoted to so few ballets. The ballet "classics" (so called) obviously have a place in the national repertory, but equally obviously it is not that awarded them by the thrifty-minded management of the Royal Opera House. (There is no earthly reason, apart from economy, why *Swan Lake* should be produced more often during the year than, say, *Madame Butterfly.)*

But what makes these interesting relics outstay their welcome even more than the frequency of their visits is the casual and slipshod way they are produced. *Giselle* is an excellently bad case in point.

In 1956 the Bolshoi Ballet came to Covent Garden and produced a version of *Giselle* that received, so far as I am aware, universal praise from audiences and critics alike. I have yet to meet anyone who did not think this to be the finest production of *Giselle* he had ever seen. It was both dramatically convincing and poetically evocative, it made sense, it had sensitivity. Neither too reverent nor too experimental, it recreated an old myth with a contemporary perspective. It was everything a great classical production should be. Having once seen it (and one presumes Covent Garden's management did see it — it happened on their doorstep) I find it hard to imagine the sort of mind that could permit the Royal Ballet's tired, frayed, insensitive and, in every sense, insignificant production to survive, albeit falteringly.

When I started this review I intended to draw up a list of all the sins, omissions and infelicities of the Royal Ballet's *Giselle*, but really life is too short. I can only suggest that Covent Garden invite Leonid Lavrovsky, the Bolshoi producer, to come here to stage it properly. And while they are about it, they might ask Vladimir Bourmeister to produce *Swan Lake.* (Department of Misunderstanding: to save correspondence, the answer to the query from "Worried Blue-Eyes" is that I *do not* think the Russian ballet is vastly superior in every way to the British or American — merely different. Among those differences is the fact that the Bolshoi *Giselle* and the Stanislavsky *Swan Lake* are infinitely better than any we have.)

This outburst was not entirely unprovoked aggression but was in fact prompted by the performances in *Giselle* of Svetlana Beriosova and Donald MacLeary on May 12, Beryl Grey and Bryan Ashbridge on May 28, and Nadia Nerina and David Blair on June 3. Let us take the ladies first. Beriosova's Giselle is a careful portrayal that has expanded with time. It is beautifully danced, although beautiful is not quite the word as possibly exquisite would better describe its particularly transparent loveliness. It is a portrayal by Botticelli rather than Titian, and if you don't see what I mean no great harm has been done. This Giselle is an aristocrat — a changeling child foisted on Berthe to silence some murky court intrigue. Her madness when it comes is internal, a troublement of the eyes, a fixed stare and a psychosomatic gait. She makes a sweet and gentle ghost. The portrayal still lacks something in theatrical impact, but this fault is the reverse coin of her merits.

Beryl Grey, on the other hand, is a Rubens. Classical, big-moulded, rather grand and imperious. If Beriosova is an aristocrat, Grey is a ballerina, which is something quite different and not nearly so suitable. Skittishness does not become her, and her early scenes could be an embarrassment were it not for the very real warmth of her personality. Her dancing, nowadays, is an affair of glorious bits and some rather shabby pieces, she is both better and worse than she was during her last series of guest appearances with the company. Her mad scene, apparently well thought out, had far too much of the appearance of a dramatic set piece, and showed up her lack of acting technique. There were moments (and long moments) when her dancing had a distinction all its own. It is difficult to be fair to her performance without exaggerating, both the good and the bad. I would like her better had she flirted more convincingly with her Albrecht and less enthusiastically with her audience. Yet for all this and things like it, she has a noble quality that makes one long to see her in ballets specially created for her by someone like Balanchine.

If I had a third hand I would have compared Nerina with a Greuze, but failing this I must be content to say that, unless you count Markova, she is the best home-grown Giselle the Royal Ballet has ever possessed. Light and volatile, poetess and peasant, assuredly mad, and wildly, ecstatically spectral (a real wraith of a girl floating through tree tops), she is now an extraordinarily good Giselle, and what is more an extraordinarily complete Giselle. Some years ago, in the course of a rather testy notice, I wrote suggesting that given her physique and temperament, Nerina should model herself on Ulanova. Without deluding myself that she even saw this piece, may I say now that it seems to me that this is what she has done.

Many of my friends will lynch me, but I still have to be convinced that Nerina is a great ballerina, although what else she can do, short of flying round the auditorium, it is difficult to see. She excites me, she staggers me, yes, and she moves me. What she lacks to *convince* me (in the way that Ulanova, Danilova, Markova, Fonteyn and Chauviré have convinced me) I don't quite know. Perhaps it will come. Perhaps, anyway, the lack is in me. What I am certain of is that she is one of the finest dancers as such I have ever seen.

For a dancer to make anything of Giselle with the Royal Ballet she has to virtually ignore the production. For a dancer to make anything of Albrecht he has to positively run counter to it. The Bolshoi Albrecht is a Pushkin-like portrait of regeneration, who achieves maturity through suffering. The Royal Ballet Albrecht is a spoilt little playboy with dangerous tendencies towards hysterical tantrums. It says a great deal for Donald MacLeary that even in his first attempt at Covent Garden he managed so successfully to avoid the second, even though he did not attempt to suggest the first. Young, ardent and romantic, he held the stage in the first act quite effortlessly. His melancholy bearing and ashen-faced grief in the last act were equally appropriate. He is learning fast, finding out what to do with his hands, losing his one-time tendency to strike up self-consciously artistic poses, and generally becoming not just a promising *premier danseur* but one already worth reckoning. In a way this was a copybook Albrecht, and suffered from its conventionality. I had no sense of Albrecht developing, only of MacLeary developed. His dancing had vigour and polish, his partnering was as excellent as ever, and he blended extremely well with Beriosova.

Ashbridge is a rougher sort of diamond. His portrait, like MacLeary's, is fairly conventional. But his mime is more assertive and forthright. When Hilarion enters with the sword, he almost gives a snarl of rage that hints at a darker side to Albrecht's character, and elsewhere conveys his underlying callousness. Against this must be set the fact that he seems a defiantly self-made prince, or perhaps even a life peer! His second act has not got quite the right air of romanticism, although throughout his acting was often subtle and always intelligent. While his dancing was forceful, his partnership with Beryl Grey was not quite so assured as it had been earlier in *Swan Lake.* At the moment his total performance is not quite the sum of the marks he scores in the three departments of acting, dancing and partnering.

Blair's Albrecht is a strange kind of pyrrhic victory. Like Nerina's Giselle — with which it is the ideal counterpart — it not so much enhances the production as exposes it. He has tried, with an astonishing measure of success, to give a coherent picture of the character. From the thoughtless, feckless boy, both attractive and irresponsible, he progresses through the ballet until at the end he tries to express something of Albrecht's experience. No hysterics, no wild transports of despair, just the quietness of a man who has seen the face of suffering and there read understanding. In outline his conception is identical with that of Nicolai Fadayachev's of the Bolshoi, but he gives a performance far deeper than the Royal Ballet's production. Even though this was unquestionably the best Albrecht I have seen from him, he has, as a matter of less important fact, danced the part better.

Graham Usher has now taken over the Peasant *pas de deux* with Doreen Wells. His lithe, elegant dancing, with its easy *double tours* and invigorating *ballon,* was shown up to particular advantage. He is developing into an unusually polished classicist, with a fluency and finish that has something of both Gilpin and Shaw about it. At the same time he still has moments of gaucheness, a slight hesitancy that reveals a lack of stage presence. He takes his calls badly, and presents his partner with a panache far too self-conscious to be genuine. These growing pains should obviously disappear with more experience. Doreen Wells was far more than adequate, yet at the same time failed to live up to all my expectations. Her dancing was very neat, but her usual sparkle here lacked the charm of spontaneity.

Antigone cast changes

AT the season's last two performances of *Antigone,* Somes's rôle of Creon was taken over by Ronald Hynd. It was a promising first attempt, even though some-

what disappointing when it is remembered how good he was in such parts as the Hypnotist in *Noctambules*. He seemed too resolved to smile and smile and be a villain and his hypocrisy lacked subtlety. In place of Somes's sliding insinuations, Hynd evoked more obvious treachery. I was grateful, also, to catch up with Keith Rosson's Etiocles. Rosson, who has been dancing the part ever since Gary Burne went on tour with the Royal Ballet in South Africa, has had the opportunity of getting into the rôle, which he now acts and dances with considerable skill, giving a characterisation very like its original creator's.

Ashton's Stravinsky revival

THE revival of *Scènes de Ballet* after a shameful absence of two years, on the afternoon of May 21, was made even more welcome by the really superb dancing of the whole company. For the first time it seems as though the Royal Ballet has got the measure of what is probably the most difficult and taxing work in their repertory. Conducting the ballet from scratch, John Lanchbery secured an alert performance from the orchestra. Unfortunately, however, someone has seen fit to tinker with Stravinsky's music. So as to provide a pseudo-overture, the introduction is now played twice, once before the rise of the curtain and once after. This misplaced ingenuity effectively over-balances the proportions of the score, and I would be interested to know whether Covent Garden have the composer's sanction to use his music in this fashion. Having said that, all is sweetness and light.

Annette Page made a splendidly creditable first appearance in the ballerina rôle. There was about her dancing a luminous radiance, a singular mixture of warmth and crispness, and she admirably caught the measure of the quirks and shifts of Stravinsky's rhythms. Brian Shaw made an excellent cavalier, dancing with freedom and power. His *ports de bras* were beautifully judged and throughout his dancing had that innate musicality that often makes it so exciting. At the opening his first few phrases showed just how eloquent and moving a passage of pure dancing can be. (In all unfairness, I feel bound to add that at least one of the later performances neither Page nor Shaw attained quite the standard of their first.)

In a way even more gratifying, if only because it was more unusual, was the dancing of the *ensemble*. The four boys, Richard Farley, Bryan Lawrence, Ronald Plaisted and Keith Rosson, were as well balanced a quartet as the ballet could wish for. To see the well-known choreography in their capable, corporate hands was like seeing it for the first time. When, at one point, all four sailed up in beautifully arched *temps de poissons*, all at the same time, all to the same height and all with the same finish, my heart did a little dance on its own account.

The girls were perhaps not so spectacularly good, but certainly they showed a quite new homogeneity of movement, dancing the choreography with just that same *éclat* and sense of rightness that the N.Y. City Ballet so gloriously bestow upon Balanchine. The ballet makes the perfect *apéritif* for *La Fille Mal Gardée*. The only curious thing about it is its apparent lack of popularity with audiences. When it ends I always expect the theatre to erupt into cheers. It never does, but that's life.

On the evening of June 4, Merle Park danced the ballerina rôle for the first time, when she was partnered by David Blair. She made her first entrance as if she was going to give the best performance the part has ever had, but nothing else quite lived up to that moment of revelation. Technically her dancing was a trifle smudgy in its finish, she tended to take liberties with the music, and at times danced the ballet as if it were *Les Rendezvous*. In a sense she was even a shade too engaging. This kind of choreography speaks for itself, and requires nothing from its interpreters other than perfection, and a sense of musical mood, heavily tinged with a degree of audience alienation. (Unlikely shades of Brecht!) David Blair made her a fine partner, and danced with impressive attack and impeccable style.

C. B.

WESTERN THEATRE BALLET at the Royal Court

FOR a town that is supposed to love ballet so dearly, London is certainly churlish to companies other than its twin deities of the Royal Ballet and Festival Ballet. Ballet Rambert can only creep in for two weeks of the year (this, incidentally, is a disgrace) and the Western Theatre Ballet is not even that fortunate, counting itself lucky to have the loan of the Royal Court Theatre on Sunday May 8 to give a show-case one-night stand.

Apart from their recent season in association with the combined ballet companies of the Monnaie at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, this was the first time the Western Theatre Ballet had penetrated into the London area for getting on for two years.

ROYAL BALLET CONCERT ARTISTS: Four soloists of the Royal Ballet who last year toured Kenya with great success and recently gave a performance in aid of International Refugee Year at Odiham in Hampshire. They are, left, Christine Beckley and Petrus Bosman; right, Doreen Wells and Graham Usher. *Photos: Roy Round.*

Even this penetration was far from satisfactory, for not only could it not be a public performance on a Sunday, but also despite the generosity of the English Stage Society in making the theatre available, the staging was made difficult by the permanent set of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros,* parts of which the theatre were unable to dismantle completely for the comfort of their guests.

Except for *The Prisoners,* the programme was made up of ballets that the company had mounted during the past six months, Peter Darrell's *Chiaroscuro* and *Bal de la Victoire* and Maurice Béjart's *Sonate à Trois.* As all these ballets were reviewed in detail three months ago, there is little to add here. I had not previously seen *Chiaroscuro* and was glad to make its acquaintance. It is an attractive work, somewhat over-long, but showing both Darrell and the company to their best advantage. *Bal de la Victoire* remains a soggily frothy closing ballet, while *Sonate à Trois* is much ado about Sartre and a great deal of inexplicit intensity.

The dancers — Anne Hyde, Brenda Last, Hazel Merry, Suzanne Musitz, Anna Price, Sylvia Wellman, Dennis Griffith, David Hepburn, Rodney Macdonald, Laverne Meyer, Richard Morris, Oliver Symons — to say nothing of the company's indispensable ballet master, Erling Sunde, now make up a strong team of soloists. Over the past year these dancers have not only developed their individual talents, in quite a few cases strikingly, but they have also acquired a marked personality as a group, which enables them to give performances that have a distinct style of their own. **C. B.**

ASSOCIATION OF BALLET CLUBS

IT would be absurd to apply any principles of scientific measurement in judging the humanities. None the less, to the best of my memory, I got the impression that the Association of Ballet Clubs' programme at the Rudolf Steiner Theatre on May 21 showed a higher standard than that of the previous year. But, note, the improvement was no more than a slight one.

The most interesting and tasteful ballet was that created by Nina Hubbard for her Cambridge Club — *Botticelliana* to Respighi music. Her whole conception was blessed by simplicity and the work shone like a good deed in a naughty ballet world. The costumes were free and flowing, the steps simple but expressive, and the effects the result of good lighting and simple groupings rather than exacting *pointe* solos. In it, Carla Attree and Carolyn Sanders showed much promise.

The Sheffield Club cavorted in a madly gay curtain-raiser to music by Offenbach, Rosenthal and Kabalevsky. Entitled *Flirtation,* it provided an object lesson of what amateurs cannot be expected to perform. I suggest respectfully that its performance, accompanied, of course, by a lecture and salutary warnings, should become an annual event. But, strictly speaking, this club hardly gave itself a chance. Its local boys failed to make good, even their most trojan endeavours at single *pirouettes* were really not good enough, and the efforts each displayed in trying to manipulate such encumberances as feet were inclined to be disturbing.

Maria Balinska's *Répétition à neuf heures et demie* for the Enfield Club was in a very different class. It bore the distinct merits of being well constructed and imaginatively choreographed. This ballet within a ballet centred around the reactions of a group of dancers who are rehearsing when a famous impresario surprises them with a visit. It struck me quite forcibly, however, that simple as the majority of steps were, they were still too difficult for the mediocre techniques of the dancers involved. Good acting performances from Mamika Shepherd and J. R. McBean.

Although it got an enthusiastic reception, to me, Nina Hubbard's *Golden Age* (Shostakovitch) smacked of brash pretentiousness. According to the programme this modern dance work aimed no higher than "to parody ourselves and our way of life". Alas, the very young teenage dancers seemed unable to do this with any conviction. But as, no doubt, some of them will eventually find their way into the Chelsea Set, their indoctrination into its madcap temperaments and high spirits may not be regarded as altogether premature.

London's Masque Club certainly possesses the best overall standards. Unfortunately, too many of its members are aware of this, for they show a distracting addiction to private jokes on stage, and step in and out of character as their moods take them. Bridget Kelly-Espinosa's choreography is generally sensible — robust, often reminiscent of Massine, and not too difficult to execute. The works themselves show a prominent, but not totally unpleasant, streak of bright commercialism. In *The Little Match Girl* (Rossini) she captured some splendid effects of atmosphere, especially in a front-curtain scene showing revellers on their way to Christmas parties, while the little Match Girl is striking matches to warm her frozen hands.

Quelle Folie (!), also by Bridget Kelly-Espinosa, despite the fact that its title plays with fire, proved to be a mildly entertaining *vieux Paris* work, with can-can girls, a café proprietor, an English family and a pair of lovers, dancing to a curious re-arrangement of the Strauss *Beau Danube* score. In the two Masque Ballets, Claire Kennett, Myra Kidd, Anthony Wallis and Gordon Bellingham gave performances of near professional standard.

But throughout the whole evening, the best moments were those of acting and mime, never of dancing. This perhaps indicates that amateurs should act more and dance less. Certainly they should not attempt to dance any virtuoso passages which would tax the physical control of the best professionals. **E. C. M.**

NEW CRANKS: Yolande and Billy Wilson in "Hole in the Head", which was one of the most successful numbers in John Cranko's sequel revue to his original Cranks. *The recent revue,* New Cranks, *had a run at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith.*
Photo: Terence Donovan.

ROYAL BALLET DANCERS at Odiham

ON May 30, while the results of the World Refugee Year appeal were being announced, five Royal Ballet dancers were swelling the total by £200 or more with a concert performance in the small Hampshire town of Odiham. Their good cause would disarm criticism, but luckily I have nothing — or almost nothing — but praise for their performance.

Praise first for their programme, which was well-chosen, well-arranged and satisfying. Bravura excerpts from the classical ballets made a strong basis, and these were

discreetly varied by other dances, lyrical, dramatic or comic, nearly all specially created or adapted for concert programmes of this sort. Although the long journey through the rush hour made me late arriving, even the two-thirds of the programme I saw was enough to make the trip well worthwhile.

Praise next for the dancers, who worked flat out through a long evening on a small stage. To Doreen Wells and Graham Usher for beautifully smooth dancing in the Snowflakes scene from *The Nutcracker*. To Christine Beckley for her freshness and flowing style in an engagingly unhackneyed solo, *Spring*, arranged by Meriel Evans to Schumann music.

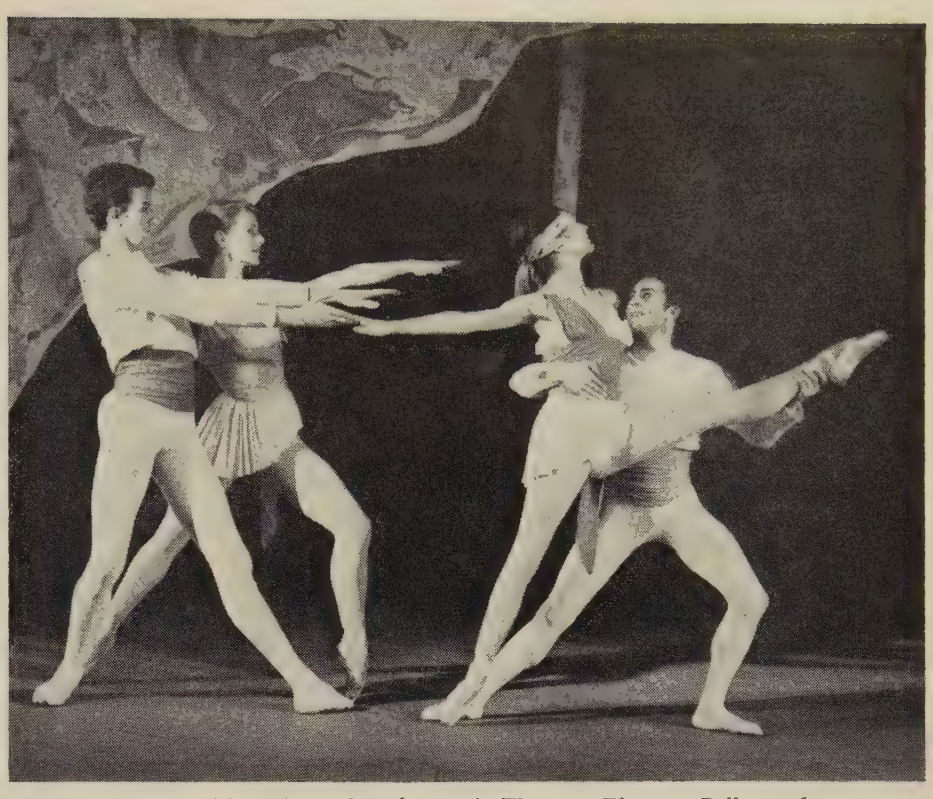
To Margaret Lyons for her strong, unaffected dancing in the *Coppélia* Act 3 *pas de deux*. To Usher again for his comic sense in MacMillan's *Valse Excentrique*, and to Bosman for his dash in *Don Quixote pas de deux* with Beckley, who also showed real spirit in this.

I was sorry to miss Wells and Bosman in Cranko's *Beauty and the Beast*, but I admired the way Cranko had put together three dances from *The Lady and the Fool* to make a complete little episode. Incidentally, Usher made as good a Bootface in this as I have ever seen.

Two minor reservations. Although Derek Rencher and Murray Arbeid had designed charming costumes for, respectively, *Snowflakes* and *Spring*, one or two of the other costumes might well have been improved for viewing in so small an auditorium, and the quick changes did not always let the dancers do justice to their make-up. And despite the sympathetic accompaniment of Hilda Gaunt and Jean Gilbert, some of the music (especially Verdi's) loses a lot when played on two pianos.

Much of the evening's success was undoubtedly due to the experience gained by four of the dancers in their own earlier concert programmes. Now that they have pioneered the way, I suggest that the Royal Ballet direction might seriously consider sending groups of this kind to bring ballet to towns too small for the full company to visit. If the standard of this performance were maintained, the company would not need to fear for its reputation.

John Percival.



WESTERN IN LONDON: Members of Western Theatre Ballet, who gave a performance at the Royal Court Theatre on May 8, in Peter Darrell's successful work — Chiaroscuro.

Dance and Dancers . . . IN FRANCE

THE NATIONAL ENSEMBLE OF MALI

AT the Théâtre des Nations on March 21 enormous half-naked negroes beating their tom-toms drew forth from the percussion of their hands the magic of African rhythms. In the second appearance at this theatre of a troupe representative of a country which belongs to the French community, the excitement of the evening lay in the complexity of their rhythms, and in the subtle mixture of their hieraticism and frenzy. Like the Ivory Coast company, which preceded it, the Mali Ensemble has been founded quite recently. Its director, Sonar Senghor, called upon André Voisin to produce these tableaux of Senegalese and Sudanese folklore, and the accent is on the company as a whole rather than upon individual performers. Items depict the building of canoes and harvesting, but, as is the case with the Central European companies, the movement remains very elementary and stylised in contrast to the richness of the rhythms. When a soloist detaches himself, he is almost immediately engulfed by the mass, and, more often than not, one has a sensation of nonchalance, ease and suppleness, rather than frenzy. In conclusion, this spectacle shows less skill, spontaneity and freshness than the Ivory Coast troupe. The most interesting numbers were the Rite of Exorcism, accompanied by the sacrifice, the Initiation Dance of the Children, clad in kauris, and the Threshing Dance.

PANEGYRIS

ON April 27, the Théâtre des Nations presented Panegyris, the Greek national *ensemble*, which is under the enlightened direction of Mme. Dora Stratou. It displayed various facets of Greek folklore, but with the exception of the concentric dances and professional marches, one found hardly anything of the antique Greece so dear to Isadora Duncan. The movement emphasis was far more on the Turkish and Slav; influences which can be readily attributed to history. With handkerchief in hand and bodices covered in sequins, the women dance with an undulating grace surely nearer the *almée* of the East than the nymph of the Greece of our imaginations.

On their part, the men prance and leap after the style of their Hungarian and Bulgarian neighbours, or perform crouching steps Cossack fashion. All the costumes are obviously authentic. Richly embroidered, they are in soft faded colours which throw into splendid relief their white fustanells. Through the instrumentality of primitive bagpipes the musical accompaniment often reminds one of Scots jigs, with a lute a bitter-sweet flute to suggest the pastoral atmosphere.

THE LITTLE BALLET TROUPE OF BOMBAY

THIS company, which is one of the most attractive young Indian groups, began its short season on the same stage on May 2. Very much superior to the Indian troupes seen in Paris during the past year, and more experimental and up-to-date than the companies assembled by such remarkable artists as Ram Gopal and Mrinalini Sarabhai, it falls into a category of its own.

Formed in 1952 by Shan Bardhan, a former pupil of Uday Shankar, the Little Ballet Troupe has adhered to its objectives from the outset. Faithful to the ancient traditions of the country, Bardhan has taken in effect for the repertoire the famous themes known to his public. But without renouncing the classical vocabulary (Manipuri, Kathakali, etc.), there has been an attempt to make the styles more accessible and flexible at one and the same time. And through a mixture of fantasy, clear-sighted observation and a strong personal element, these old fables have been given an attractive modernity.

Several of the works presented were the results of a lively imagination beginning with the most simple starting points — as in *Panchatantra*, or *The Art of Making Friends*, in which numerous animals were depicted on the stage with charm and finesse. Sometimes comic and always interesting, the stylisation remains based on an observation full of sympathy and prettiness. In *Panchatantra* we follow the adventures of the wise crow and the pigeons, who, caught in a snare, are saved by a clever little mouse; of their flight with the learned tortoise and the water birds, and the captive stag who is finally released by his friends. The symbolic gestures are embellished by tasteful cos-

tumés and hair-styles which somehow manage to suggest the duck's beak or the mouse's ears, and still remain discreet.

Under the experienced direction of Appuni Karta, all the dancers, but notably Sarmistha Bardhan as the mouse and Gul Bardhan as the stag, display the graceful simplicity and freshness which is essential to this style, and which the music of Bahadur Hussein Khan so happily supports.

THE NETHERLANDS BALLET.

THE Indian troupe was followed by Sonia Gaskell's Netherlands Ballet on May 6. This young company, striving to revive the spirit of classical dance in the Low Countries, has sought to place in its repertoire some of the most significant contemporary works. Consequently it has turned to Massine, Lifar and Balanchine for its inspiration.

On its opening night it drew on Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, created at Monte Carlo in 1933 by Massine as *Les Présages*. The characteristics of Massine's symphonic period are already evident in this allegorical work in the variety of the movements for the *ensembles* and the subtle insertion of solos. But the general performance, in which Sonja van Beers, Sylvester Campbell and Peter Appel were the principals, showed little sympathy for its allegorical character. The performance of Balanchine's *Four Temperaments* can hardly rival New York City Ballet's dazzling production of this work. But one cannot but admire the precision and conscientiousness of the dancers, particularly in the "Phlegmatic" movement.

Their most interesting work was *The Moor of Venice*, seen in Paris for the first time. André Boll and Serge Lifar have retained only the bare essentials of Shakespeare's text. With the exception of some episodic *ensembles*, inspired by the dances of the Renaissance, the choreographer has put the accent on the three main characters, whose fundamental traits he stylises with finesse. Iago's cunning is portrayed in lithe movements and sharp poses ; Desdemona is all graceful innocence and fluid candour ; Othello is powerful and violent and sensually vital. Despite the reduced size of the stage, which accentuated the excessive simplicity of the décor, the work is happily served by Maurice Thiriet's attractive score, which has variety, lyricism and originality, both in its sequences and its development. But the casting has changed since its Monte Carlo première ; Léonie Kramer brings her graceful charm to the heroine ; the rôle being created by Sonja van Beers, Peter W. Reilly replaces the coloured Billy Wilson, and Conrad van de Weetering's traitor is depicted with feline suppleness.

As guest artist, Joan Cadzow displayed her mastery in *Etudes choréographiques*, a pure dance work created for her by Lifar to Schumann's *Etudes symphoniques*. This ballerina was equally outstanding in *Suite en Blanc*, which crowned the second programme. The latter also featured Balanchine's *Serenade* and Sonia Gaskell's *Rhythmes*. Though taking into account the company's present lack of maturity and cohesion, one can only admire its energy and vigour, and wish it prompt fulfilment of its aims.

THE PARIS OPERA

A NUMBER of administrative decisions have just been announced at the Opéra. The contracts of Christiane Vaussard, Madeleine Lafon, Alexandre Kalioujny and Jean-Paul Andréani, which are to expire in October, will not be renewed. The question of a merger of the direction and companies of the Paris Opéra and the Opéra Comique is also being considered. Under the projected scheme, the Opéra would perpetuate established classical works, while the Opéra Comique would play the rôle of a try-out theatre for composers, choreographers and singers. But at present the general uncertainty has given rise to much anxiety and dissatisfaction. Countless reasons have been put forward, and it now remains for M. André Malraux to settle these matters by judicial measures.

On April 9, the annual examinations of the *corps de ballet* took place under conditions of absolute secrecy. The silence which shrouded the ceremony on this occasion may be attributed to the lack of brilliance of the participants or to the complexity of the set *variations*. But in the past, though the examination has been an essentially private affair, its results have been announced to the specialists.

Some time later, however, a new ranking of dancers was published. Mlle Bassi, whose lyricism was remarked upon at the previous examination, was promoted to the first rank of the Grands Sujets, while another promising element, M. Atanasoff, was listed in the first rank of the Petits Sujets (Men).

Following the examinations on April 9, the following promotions were announced : Mlles Parmain, Dezon, Calvi and Desbrooses, and Mm. Cazenave, Ranchet, Cesbron and Bart to the *première quadrille* (the second rung on the ladder) ; Mlles Fugère, Thibon and Gilardi, and Mm. Plessy and Bonnefous to the *coryphées* ; Mlles Rémy, Delaubier and Javillart and M. Lebertre to the *petits sujets* ; Mlles Oudart and Bourillot, and Mm. Atanasoff, Dussaigne and Rousselle to the *grands sujets*. These last three promotions seemed especially justified.

ON April 27, Claire Motte gave a brilliant portrayal of the Beloved (created on this stage by Christiane Vaussard) in the Massine/Berlioz *Symphonie Fantastique*. Jacqueline Rayet took over the principal rôle, which Claude Bessy created, in *Daphnis and Chloë*.

Gene Kelly has been rehearsing the company for his *Concerto in F (*Gershwin), and initiating the dancers in the art of American modern dance.

BALLETS MODERNE DE PARIS

ON April 28, Françoise and Dominique returned to Paris at the Théâtre de l'Etoile. America's pre-eminence in the domain of modern dance must be recognised, and, despite their unremitting efforts, these young French dancers are hardly likely to upset the balance. Paris remains faithful to its tradition as the cradle of academic dancing, despite the agreeable, but somewhat unconvincing performances given in this programme.

The first programme would doubtless have gained by the inclusion of Deryk Mendel's masterpiece, *Epithalame*, which won the prize at the Aix-les-Bains Festival in 1957, and which was subsequently danced by the Ballet Rambert. Neither his more recent *Jacquadi*, whose inspiration is the rather enigmatic score by Morançon, nor his *Apprendre à marcher* from the Ionesco to a montage score have equalled *Epithalame*. Neither work appears very well constructed and the steps used remain rudimentary. The same can be said of *L'Arbre*, a Biblical evocation. Edith Allard, Jean Bouffort and Paul d'Arnot share the various principal rôles with Françoise and Dominique.

NEWS IN BRIEF

ON May 19 ot the Opéra-Comique, Peter Van Dijk appeared in Skibine's *Ombre lunaire*; score by André Jolivet. On May 21, he danced with Jacqueline Rayet at the Hamburg Opera, where he produeed Schoënberg's *Pelléas et Melisande* and *Turangaliga* to a Messiaen symphony. Next season he is to produce the Prokofiev *Romeo and Juliet* while Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* and *Serenade* will probably be added to the repertoire.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

BALLET PERSPECTIVES

Scenes de Ballet

Continued from page 21

to historical circumstances rather than artistic disposition, for both Ashton and Balanchine came to their choreographic maturity in companies that were largely

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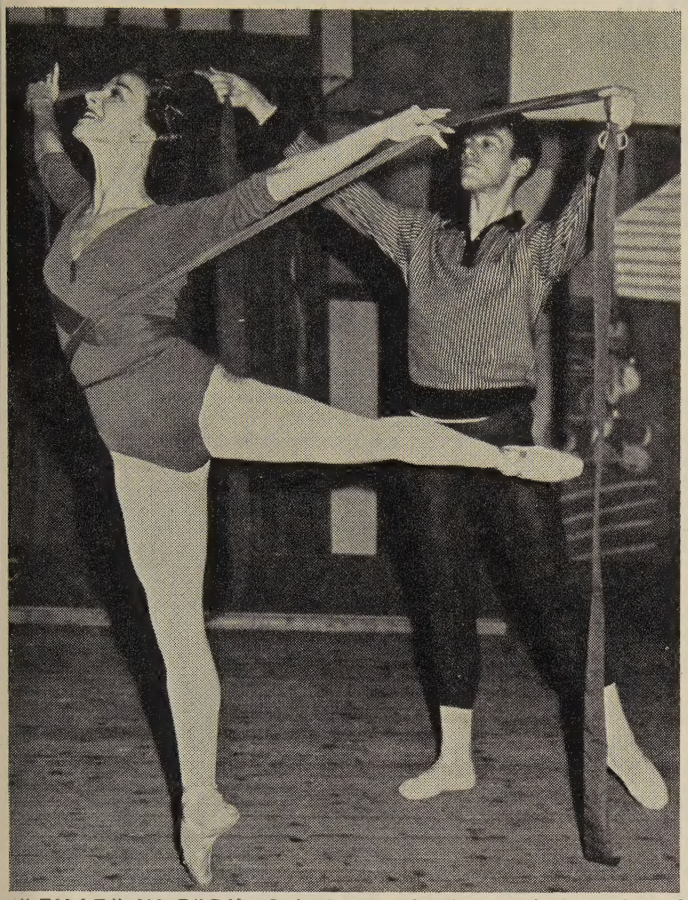

"FILLE" IN CORK: Left, Marina Svetlova and Kenneth Melville rehearsing Stanley Judson's version of La Fille Mal Gardée *which was given by the Cork Ballet for the festival there in April. Right, two pictures of Svetlova, as Lise, and Kenneth Melville, as Colin (same as "Colas" in the Royal Ballet production), in scenes from Acts 1 and 2. Judson's reconstruction of this oldest ballet in the European repertory uses the Hertel score written for Paul Taglioni's later version in Berlin during the 1860's. This version falls into two acts and two scenes.*

Amazonian-dominated.) For all this few choreographers can have so precisely demonstrated the essential difference between male and female dancing as does Ashton in *Scènes de Ballet.*

The dancing he gives the men is broad and strong. Great sweeping leaps, abrupt transitions in their *ports de bras,* and an altogether open, extroverted quality to their movements. By contrast the dances for the women are soft and secretive, their flow being continually interrupted by feminine asides. Often movements flutter from one girl to the next, like a wind blowing through a cornfield, bending the ears of corn in sequential waves. Yet the dance orchestration is not as simple as this and the choreography echoes the music with careful precision, with one nostalgic staccato phrase being picked up by this group of girls and another by that, giving the dances a complex texture of shifting stresses and accents. It is a ballet that is difficult to dance well, and to dance such choreography merely well is to dance it inadequately.

In one sense this was perhaps Ashton's final test before he set himself to the task of producing full evening ballets, and he seems anxious to experiment with *ensemble* groupings, *pas de deux, grands adagios* and the rest. The ballet is wonderfully terse, without a moment wasted or a movement too much. From its startlingly original beginning right through to the superb apotheosis, the choreography is without a scrap of padding, and the ballet constantly surprises and delights the eye and ear. The groupings have been given a sculptured elegance, and never before or since has Ashton made quite such eloquent use of static poses. It is also worth noting that Ashton has made even more changes than usual to the choreography as originally set. There were two or three variations of the apotheosis (none involving the twelve girls) before the present final version, and many other choreographic details, notably perhaps in the *grand adagio,* have been amended.

Of all Stravinsky's ballet scores, this is the one most neglected, and surprisingly it has not even found a place in the concert hall, while many of the composer's commentators do not seem aware of its existence. It is typical that while most of his ballets have been produced by Tom, Dick and Heinrich (particularly Heinrich) in various versions all over the world, so far as I know only two choreographers, apart from Ashton and, of course, Dolin, have been attracted by *Scènes de Ballet.* In Stuttgart, Robert Mayer produced a version with settings and costumes by Gerd Richter, and in 1951 in West Berlin, Gustav Blank also choreographed the ballet, with designs by Josef Fenneker.

In this country at least the neglect of *Scènes de Ballet* is doubtless due to the extraordinary "official" attitude to his later music that was taken by our senior music critics, and in some circles — as the reaction to his *Agon* showed — still prevails. In a fascinating article by the late Dyneley Hussey (in *The Dancing Times,* April 1948) he says of the score: "His music sounded thin and bloodless in the large theatre. That it is enormously clever, as his music never fails to be, is not sufficient to make up for the jejune effect of the actual sound. . . . I do not know how far Stravinsky intended his score to be regarded as a parody. . . ." And talking of parodies, after the first night *The Times* chided Ashton for having been "misled by one of Stravinsky's aesthetic pronouncements into treating it along the abstract lines of his own *Symphonic Variations,* when the clue that he should have followed is parody." To show the merciful shift in critical judgment that has overtaken this score, I can do no better than to quote the words of a contemporary music critic David Drew, who speaking of *Scènes de Ballet* in *The Decca Book of Ballet,* says: "In the magnificent apotheosis, the score achieves a spaciousness that Stravinsky has not attempted in his ballet music since the closing pages of *Apollo.* The listener who is still not persuaded of the essential unity of Stravinsky's musical development would do well to compare this apotheosis with the famous close of *The Firebird.* Although nearly forty years separate the composition of the two passages, the consanguinity is evident and, as one would expect, the later piece is more thoroughly original, more distinctively moving."

It is in this "distinctively moving" aspect of *Scènes de Ballet* that I think Ashton has most gloriously matched his composer, and where Beaurepaire has most conspicuously failed. The designer has taken the most trivial and superficial approach to the ballet (saying, almost audibly, "let's make it all madly *chic*"), thus rendering the whole work a disservice. In fairness there is nothing much wrong with the designing at its own level, but it is far removed from the level of the ballet.

Continued on page 34

Certainly now, with the revised costume for the principal male dancer, and the various changes that have crept into the décor, the sets and costumes are modishly adequate, but I cannot but feel that they could still be improved upon.

The gravest criticism that can be raised against Ashton's work is that when it was created the company was incapable of doing it justice. On the first night Fonteyn danced it with a wide smile and spurious glitter, while Somes, who at that time was some distance from his technical best, went through its virtuoso demands with stiff-necked valour but very incomplete technical control. The ill-matched male quartet could have been a lot worse, which is more than one could honestly say of the girl soloists, although individually many of them were extremely good dancers.

Performances did eventually get better. Moira Shearer — who danced the ballerina rôle at the ballet's second performance — made a surprisingly good thing out of it; it was probably her best part. Later Fonteyn herself was greatly improved, but it did not prove a particularly rewarding rôle for Beryl Grey. Other dancers to appear as the ballerina have included Rowena Jackson, Avril Navarre, Merle Park and most notably Nadia Nerina and Annette Page. The principal male rôle has, in addition to Somes, who like Fonteyn later got the measure of the ballet, included John Hart, John Field, the impeccable David Blair, and, even more notably, Brian Shaw.

Even so, it has not been until this present season that the ballet has received the level of performance it deserved from the *ensemble*. It has now been given a fine male quartet in Richard Farley, Bryan Lawrence, Ronald Plaisted and Keith Rosson, and the girls have been dancing with an exhilarating homogeneity and sense of style.

FIRST 'ROYAL' BRITISH COMPANY

Continued from page 15

promising artists, and their work should play a great part in the future. Robert Lee Jones is another excellent dancer. Sheila Mackinnon, Lynette Fry, Kit Copping, Bill Martin, Rachel Brown, Beverley Barkley, Ted Patterson, Anita Jones and Virginia Wakelyn. The latter is a very talented young girl with gifts that every dancer could wish for.

On March 19 the company ended their twentieth season. The ballets presented consisted mostly of classical works, including the première of *Variations for a Lonely Theme* (choreography, Michel Conte; music, Brahms; settings, Claude Jasmin; costumes, Jacques de Montjoye; headdresses, Fernand Rainville). This ballet by the French Michel Conte was a most welcome contribution to the repertoire of the company. It had freshness and speed, and provided an excellent chance to show the dancing qualities of the entire company. It was received with great enthusiasm.

Other works on the programme were *Ballet Premier* (choreography, Arnold Spohr; music, Mendelssohn; costumes and settings, Grant Marshall), which I liked as it was well danced and had beautiful style and line, also *Sleeping Beauty* Excerpts, *Concerto* and *Brave Song*.

Under the direction of Arnold Spohr and newly-appointed General Manager Robert Johnson, the company has a promising and busy future ahead. They plan their next big tour in the autumn of this year. The visit includes Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other big cities in Eastern Canada. Later the company intends to dance in the U.S.A.

No doubt the form of classical dancing is the most popular in Canada, and with a good choice of choreographers the Royal Winnipeg Ballet should be able in the near future to offer interesting modern ballets, for which this small company is very well suited. Their good technical standard as well as acting ability should enable them to try any style of choreography.

The orchestra was well directed under the musical director Eric Wild, though often more rehearsals would benefit the company.

THE RETURN OF THE MEXICAN

Continued from page 19

interest in choreography as an art rather than as a means of self-presentation. He is quite decidedly on the right path but I can see that there is a tendency for these works to become top-heavy. I think that the present difficulty is that he has no strong female partner. He has two admirable singers, those beautiful sisters Maria and Fina Vivo, but no equal as a dancer and this obviously limits his creative ideas even if in other respects he has assembled an exceptionally fine company who were shown off to good advantage in the admirably arranged flamenco scene, *Botilleria de los Faroles,* which brought the programme to an end.

In spite of these few and minor faults, which I consider to be a warning for the future rather than a criticism of the present, the programme was exceptionally well balanced with never too much of anything and enough variety to keep everybody happy — at least it certainly did in Golder's Green and I understand that it also did in Streatham and in all the other places in the world where Luisillo and his company have played.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET

at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

June

18 **(M)** *Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
21 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Blair).
22 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, MacLeary).
25 **(M)** *Le Lac Cygnes* (Sibley, Doyle).
25 **(E)** *Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
End of Season

Joint Season

August

15 *Les Sylphides, Pineapple Poll, Birthday Offering*
16 *Pineapple Poll, Sweeney Todd, Blood Wedding*
17 *Les Sylphides, Pineapple Poll, Birthday Offering*
18 *Solitaire, Blood Wedding, Sweeney Todd*
19 *Coppélia* (Nerina, Blair), *Façade*
20 **(M)** *Solitaire, Coppélia* (Anderton)
20 **(E)** *Coppélia* (Park Burne), *Façade*
22 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Page, Hynd)
23 *Pineapple Poll, La Fête Etrange, Sweeney Todd*
24 *Solitaire, Blood Wedding, Sweeney Todd*
25 *Pineapple Poll, La Fête Etrange, Don Quixote pas de deux, Façade*
26 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Linden, Ashbridge)
27 **(M)** *Solitaire, Coppélia* (Farris)
27 **(E)** *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Seymour, Doyle)
End of Season

BALLET RAMBERT

at Sadler's Wells Theatre

July

18, 19 *La Reja, The Wise Monkeys* (première), *Czerny-ana, Hazana*
20, 21 *Two Brothers, La Sylphide* (Von Rosen, Flindt)
22 *Lilac Garden, Judgment of Paris, Dark Elegies, Gala Performance*
23 **(M)** *Coppélia*
23 **(E)** *Coppélia, Gala Performance*
25, 26 *Two Brothers, La Sylphide* (Aldous)
27 *La Reja, The Wise Monkeys, Czerny-ana, Hazana*
28 *Lilac Garden, Dark Elegies, Czerny-ana, Hazana*
29, 30 *Wise Monkeys, La Sylphide*

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

July

4 The Palace Theatre, Manchester (2 weeks).
19 The Royal Festival Hall, London (2 months).

Festival Hall programme for first month

19-21 *Les Sylphides, Bonaparte* (première), *Graduation Ball*
22-25 *Swan Lake* (Act 2), *The Witch Boy, Symphony for Fun*
26-28 *Napoli, The Pas de Quatre, Variations for Four, Prince Igor*
29-Aug. 1 *Swan Lake* (Act 2), *Romeo and Juliet, London Morning*
2-4 *Les Sylphides, Bonaparte, Graduation Ball*
5-8 *Swan Lake* (Act 2), *The Witch Boy, Symphony for Fun*
9-11 *Concerti, Vision of Marguerite, London Morning*
12-15 *Napoli, The Pas de Quatre, Variations for Four, Prince Igor*

STARS OF THE BOLSHOI BALLET

at the Royal Albert Hall, London, from June 27 for 3 weeks.

LUTYS DE LUZ

at the Metropolitan Theatre, Edgware Road, June 27 for one week

BALLET CONCERT

at the Royal Festival Hall on June 22 Nadia Nerina, David Blair, The Alwen Concert Orchestra

LUISILLO'S SPANISH DANCE THEATRE

June

20 The Palace Theatre, Manchester
27 The Hippodrome Theatre, Bristol

THE PRINCESS

at the Strand Theatre, August 22. A musical play with dancing starring Violette Verdy.

DANCING IN LONDON'S PARKS

Hilde Holger Modern Group

June

20-22 Grass Theatre, Waterlow Park, Highgate.
23-25 Streatham Common Open Air Theatre.

BALLET EXHIBITION 1960

at John Lewis, Manchester July 5-16

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVALS

NERVI (Genoa): Company directed by Leonide Massine, July 8 to 28.

July 8-10: *Decameron*
13-14: *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*
16-17: *Les Sylphides, Bal des Voleurs, Scheherazade*
22-14: *Cimarosiana, Choreatium, Le Beau Danube*

DUBROVNIK: July 10-August 24. The Serbian Folk Dance Company from Belgrade. The Croatian Folk Dance *Ensemble* from Zagreb. The Macedonian Folk Dancers from Skopje.

BAALBECK (Lebanon): July 16, 17, Beryl Grey and partner with Son et Lumiere; August 7-14, Lebanese Folklore Group

SANTANDER: July 30-August 2, International Folklore Display. August 9-13, American Ballet Theatre. August 21-24, Antonio and his Spanish Ballet.

EDINBURGH: at the Empire Theatre THE ROYAL BALLET

August

22-24 *Danses Concertantes, Le Basier de la Fée, Petrushka.*
25-27 *Ballabile, La Peri,* or *Raymonda, Prince of the Pagodas* (Act 3)
29-31 SUSANA AND JOSE.

September

2-3 THE LITTLE BALLET TROUPE OF INDIA

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5-7 *Schéhérazade, Choreartium, Le Beau Danube*
8-10 *Commedia Umana* (Decameron)

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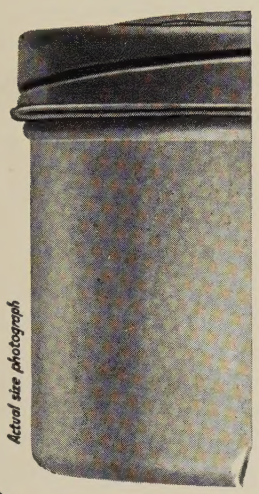

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